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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **Y**ESTERDAY week the debate on Mr. MCLAREN'S amendment, or, to speak with strict accuracy, his new clause, allowing workmen to contract themselves out of the Employers' Liability Bill, was resumed and carried to a conclusion, when the clause was defeated by the narrow majority of nineteen (subsequently reduced to eighteen as entered on the journals). The discussion was not a strictly party one, and if, as Mr. BURNS boasted, there were "twenty-four Tory abstainers," we are afraid we must call their abstention a very discreditable thing. For the opposition to the clause openly and avowedly came from those Trades-Union agitators of the newer type who are doing all that they can to tyrannize over Englishmen and ruin England. However, the majority was very small, and the advocates of the Bill as it stands had been imprudent enough to urge beforehand that, unless it were large, the Lords would have a good excuse for insisting on the insertion of the proviso. The debate itself, especially Mr. PLUNKET'S speech, was good, the presence of a fair and square subject of fighting serving to lift it out of the unreality which characterized the debates on Parish Councils.

Lords. On Monday the Lords met again, and sat to read the Savings Bank Bill a second time, thereafter adjourning till Friday.

Commons. At question-time in the Lower House, Mr. KEARLEY'S amiable and gentlemanlike anxiety in reference to the admiral's pay of the Duke of EDINBURGH (who has earned it, whatever it is, quite as much as any Admiral TRUNNION living) and his seat in the Privy Council was rewarded by the announcement that the Duke waives the pay which Mr. KEARLEY grudges him, but will keep the rank in both cases.

Mr. DARLING, asking not unnecessary questions about the outrageous language used by London Anarchists, in a permitted meeting in Trafalgar Square and elsewhere, about the doings of their Barcelona brethren, was put off by Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on the plea of Mr. ASQUITH'S absence. The Employers' Liability Bill then took up the evening; but there was nothing so interesting in the debate as Mr. GLADSTONE'S announcement at adjournment time that the Government had invited the disputants in the

coal matter to meet once more, under the chairmanship of Lord ROSEBURY, who will, let us trust, be able here a little to gild his Siamese record. But the matter is a grave one.

Questions in the House of Commons on Tuesday were somewhat numerous and important. Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT drew down on himself something like rebuke from the SPEAKER by his pertinacity about the French fleet; and Mr. DARLING, being pooh-poohed by Mr. ASQUITH about the Trafalgar Square matter, moved the adjournment of the House—a very proper penalty for the affected indifference of a Minister to a very grave subject. The only incident of much interest in the debate was the speech of Mr. BURNS, who apologized for the Chicago Anarchists, compared HER MAJESTY'S troops to Russian Nihilists, with a considerable balance of favour on the side of the latter, and accused the Tories of bringing on the matter to delay the Employers' Liability Bill. We are aware that Mr. BURNS and persons like him think of nothing but their own class interests; and it is common to find humanity imputing its own sentiments to others. At last the measure which is openly boasted of by Gladstonians as "embodying the ideas of the Trade-Unions" in legislation—that is to say, as class legislation of the most unblushing and aggressive description—was resumed, and had its appointed time.

In the Commons, on Wednesday, it was still the Employers' Liability Bill, and amendments on it, and amendments on the amendments, and talk upon all.

There was a good deal of business and some incident in the House of Commons on Thursday. The Report Stage of the Employers' Liability Bill was finished, the Government, after some hesitation, accepting an amendment allowing exclusion from the Bill in the case of fishermen, whose wages depend upon the catch. It is obvious that this breaks through the sacred principle dear to the Trade-Unions, and it will give the Lords a hold. Afterwards, the Parish Councils Bill succeeding its fellow, the Government met with their first defeat. They invited it curiously by opposing Mr. MCLAREN'S instruction to extend to married women the franchise, which, in regard to the election of Guardians of the Poor, they have always enjoyed, and the instruction was carried against them by 21.

Politics out of Parliament. Yesterday week the Duke of DEVONSHIRE addressed a great Unionist meeting at Belfast, and gave an excellent Order of the Day—

"Retrieve defeat and take full advantage of successes." Mr. COURTNEY presided, and spoke at a Women's Suffrage meeting on the same day. Two Irish members of Parliament, Messrs. FIELD and HAYDEN, were committed for trial in Ireland yesterday week for interfering with the eviction of Lord DE FREYNE's defaulting tenants.

On Monday morning it was positively asserted that, in consequence of the pressure of the Government Whips, six Gladstonians who had promised to vote for Mr. McLAREN'S Clause stayed away, while twelve went into the Government Lobby. The genuine numbers which the Lords have to consider, therefore, amount to a minority of twelve instead of a majority of eighteen—at least fifty votes even in that minority being moreover those of the Irish supporters of the Government, who in this matter are mere *condottieri*, having hardly any concern in the question. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE had finished a very successful visit to Ireland, where divers Fenians or ex-Fenians were vapouring over the tombs of their dead martyrs with special reference to the living dynamiters, whose case Mr. REDMOND was advocating at Newcastle. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON spoke at Harrow on the navy, and Mr. LABOUCHERE made epistolary additions to the remarkably fine horns-and-tail with which he had already decked the British South Africa Company.

On Monday the once important Colston banquets were held at Bristol. It cannot be denied that, especially with Parliament sitting as it so often is now, they have lost much of their interest. But Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY was symptomatic about the intention of the Government "to carry out the democratic tendencies of the time" (Let us translate: "What is a good coachman? One who takes care not to impede the bolting tendencies of his horses"), and Lord HALSBURY, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, and Mr. PLUNKET spoke well for the Opposition. Also that very clever person, Mr. BOURCHIER HAWKSLEY, solicitor to the Chartered Company of South Africa, defended his employers.

Sir CHARLES RUSSELL seems to construe the verb *presideo* in his relations with the London Liberal and Radical Union as "I sit upon." We noticed last week how he sat then; at the adjourned meeting on Monday he sat harder and made them eat their censures of Lord HERSCHELL and Mr. FOWLER, for all the world as if his name had been Sir CHARLES FLUELLEN.

On Tuesday Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL addressed a large meeting of Conservatives at Glasgow chiefly in reply to the recent speeches of Mr. MORLEY and Mr. ASQUITH. At an interesting meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute Lord ONSLOW read a paper on the recent experiments in State Socialism made by his late subjects in New Zealand. Lord ROSEBERRY, who presided, and Lord JERSEY also spoke, and divers colonists gave refreshingly outspoken views of Antipodean politics.

The chief out-of-Parliament event on Wednesday was the deputation to the LORD CHANCELLOR, mentioned below. But Lord KIMBERLEY, at Bedford, spared a little flap of cloak to cover Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL from the rather cold winds which have poured on him lately; Sir CHARLES RUSSELL spoke at Lincoln; and Lord ROSEBERRY, who is rapidly approaching the position of "Our Only Minister," talked on municipal institutions at Battersea.

The County Magistrate on Wednesday the long-threatened visitation of the LORD CHANCELLOR by 210 English Gladstonian members (reinforced by 70 Irishmen, who admittedly had no business there) took place. Lord HERSCHELL was exhorted, not to say comminated, on the slowness of his packing operations by Mr. A. C. MORTON (with all the Mortonian graces), by Mr.

CONYBEARE (who mentioned the almost incredible fact that the LORD CHANCELLOR had dared to appoint a ruffian who is actually his, Mr. CONYBEARE'S, opponent), by Mr. BILLSON (chief of all such as carry carpet-bags), and by others. Then he arose and spake in a manner which deserves almost unqualified applause. He pointed out to the deputation that this was a vote of want of confidence; he explained to them that the qualifications of a magistrate are not merely Radicalism, or Nonconformity, or Workmanity; and he informed them roundly that he would throw up the Seal and his office rather than do what they wanted him to do. And if some even of that deputation did not go away feeling themselves morally kicked, the excellence of Gladstonian principles as brass-sheathing must be even greater than we supposed. The more intransigent Radicals were said later to be raging furiously at their snub.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. A very important speech was made yesterday week, at Agra, by Lord LANSDOWNE, dealing with the recent religious disturbances, and expressing in the clearest and most emphatic manner the determination of the Indian Government to protect the peaceable on both sides, and to spare no force in putting down the violent. There was little Matabele news; but there was some, showing that the last, or Imbiza, fight had been no fight at all, but a mere Man v. Maxim mowing-game. In Spain "the guarantees of the liberty of the subject had been suspended" in the province of Barcelona; the Siamese had completed the execution of their undertakings in withdrawing from the Mekong; and President PEIXOTO was enjoying the fullest official partiality from the United States authorities, who had also refused belligerency to his rival.

Foreign and colonial news at the beginning of the week was rather flat. The King of ITALY had approved the proposed translation of Sir CLARE FORD from Constantinople to Rome. Prince WINDISCHGRÄTZ'S Ministry, representing the Austrian coalition against Count TAAFFE'S Franchise policy, had at last taken form and shape. There was also a new (TRICOUPIS) Ministry in Greece. It was said that the Brazilian insurgents were about at last openly to declare against the Republic.

The formal appointment of Sir CLARE FORD to Rome was announced on Tuesday, when, also, considerable details arrived from Brazil, showing that Admiral DE MELLO'S open adoption of the MONK business had considerably strengthened his case. Indeed Brazil, which was very prosperous under the Monarchy, must have had nearly enough of the Republic. The German EMPEROR was continuing his crusade against extravagance in the army. The Swaziland Convention (by which, to please the Afrikaner party at the Cape, some excellent allies of England and an important country are to be handed over to the Boers) had been signed.

On Wednesday we learnt that one of the *Rodney's* torpedo-boats, while manœuvring in Gibraltar harbour, had sunk. On the principle that he who would command others must first learn to command himself, the torpedo-boat should be the most effective of all machines. It has not very often succeeded in sinking anything else, but it is untiring in getting itself sunk. The French Chambers met, and the cry was still "Russia." As we have said before, Frenchmen must be left to decide on their own notion of their own dignity.

The Matabele were reported on Thursday morning to be proceeding Zambesiwards, and the occupation of their country was indirectly sanctioned by the appointment of Major FORBES as acting magistrate at Bulawayo. Very rosy, but not very definite, news was spread as to the results of the DURAND Mission to Cabul. RIAZ Pasha had asserted that, if there was a perfectly

harmonious trio on earth, it was that composed of the KHEDIVE, Lord CROMER, and himself.

The opening of the German Reichstag; some details of an attempt to blow up barracks at Marseilles; the starting of the British Mission to Cabul on its return; a bumper Egyptian Budget; and some more friendly conduct on the part of the Sultan of MOROCCO towards the Spaniards, formed the chief items of Friday morning's news.

The University. Mr. INGRAM BYWATER has been appointed Regius Professor in Greek at Oxford, in succession to the late Master of Balliol. This appointment is very satisfactory in itself, for Mr. BYWATER (who has been for some time Reader in the subject) has few equals and fewer superiors as a Greek scholar. It is almost more satisfactory because it negatives the rumour—spread and welcomed by Gladstonians—of an appointment which would have been something like a scandal.

A not inconsiderable Unionist success was obtained last week in the Rectorial election for the University of Edinburgh, in which Lord Justice General ROBERTSON was opposed in the Gladstonian interest by Lord REAY. The contest was fought on purely political grounds, and the Lord Justice General was elected by 1,145 to 728. An even greater disappointment awaited the Gladstonians at Glasgow, where they had confidently anticipated the election of Mr. ASQUITH as Rector. The HOME SECRETARY, however, was beaten hollow by Sir JOHN GORST, who polled 916 to Mr. ASQUITH'S 695.

The election of Professor EDWARD CAIRD of Glasgow to the Mastership of Balliol is an excellent one. Mr. CAIRD, who was an exhibitor of Balliol, and a Fellow and Tutor of Merton in the sixties, was one of the first during his too brief tenure of the latter office to attract under the then new "inter-collegiate" system a concourse of picked pupils such as had never been seen before, except at professorial lectures, and rarely there. His theological opinions are believed to represent a certain kind of "advancement"; but it cannot be said that the standard of orthodoxy in high places at Balliol is likely to be seriously reduced. Mr. CAIRD'S philosophical attainments are of the very highest, and he will greatly add to the strength of Oxford in a branch of knowledge in which she has not for some years been quite up to her former reputation.

The Coal Strike. The truth of Mr. HEWLETT'S description of the colliers' designs as "a gigantic combination against the public" was shown last week by the apparently serious entertainment of a project that the men now at work shall demand thirty per cent. advance on the old rate or come out, thereby causing a complete coal famine, or forcing the owners' hands.

All other matters were dwarfed on Monday night and Tuesday morning by the announcement made, as above noted, by Mr. GLADSTONE; but prices had previously gone up again in London.

It was announced on Wednesday morning that both masters and men had accepted Lord ROSEBURY'S mediation. Meanwhile a Conference of lay and clerical sentimentalists, which had been advertised to meet in the Jerusalem Chamber, might have been expected by mere laymen, or by clerics of the older and better Anglican type, to recognize that, in the changed circumstances, it had better adjourn or suppress itself. Even as it was, the Dean of WESTMINSTER—coming rather late to the consciousness of what he might expect when he rubbed shoulders with Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES and Mr. FLEMING WILLIAMS—succeeded in preventing the adoption of any compromising resolutions. But sufficient nonsense was talked about the "living wage," that latest and most characteristic bray

of what Mr. BARING-GOULD'S intelligent Cheap Jack calls "the General Jackass."

Gloomier anticipations prevailed on Wednesday, the attitude of the men's representatives being said to be quite unyielding. The illness, however, and probable absence, of Mr. PICKARD, the most intractable and ill-blooded of the agitators, was urged on the other side as favourable.

The Law Courts. At Chelmsford the man RAMSEY, who, though the all but certain murderer of a policeman, is safe from the highest penalty by his previous acquittal on that charge, was found guilty of stealing corn, in the same affair, and sentenced by Lord COLERIDGE to fourteen years' imprisonment. It is almost inconceivable, but is true, that there are persons who have grumbled at this sentence as too heavy.—The breach of promise action of CROSSWELL v. HEARN was notable even among its notable kind. It seemed to Mr. Justice MATHEW to be just intolerably witty and diverting; and even those who do not entirely share this opinion must admire the complete manner in which the plaintiff routed Mr. LOCKWOOD again and again, and ingeniously constituted herself cross-examiner of that practitioner of cross-examination.—On Monday the Featherstone Commission examined Sir REDVERS BULLER, in order to obtain light on the military aspect of the subject; while the usual joint Commission of Cabinet Ministers and judges presided over the nomination of Sheriffs, and heard, with ears mostly deaf, the usual "I pray thee have me excused" of many country gentlemen.—The HARNESS case came up on Wednesday, and was adjourned. On that day the Common Serjeant ordered the cat in several cases of ruffianly robbery, a proceeding which will draw applause from all rational, as it has drawn shrieks from some Radical, persons.—On Thursday an application for an injunction against the British South Africa Company to prevent them from "representing" something to their shareholders was made and refused.

Racing. After a week or two of second or lower class racing, the Liverpool Autumn Meeting yesterday week provided two contests of real interest in the Autumn Cup and the Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes. The former was contested by a very good field, and La Flèche, with the top weight (9 st. 6 lbs.) on her, had to meet the rest of a dozen, including Cereza, Phocion, Prisoner, Quæsitum, and others at weights running down to 6 st. She was kept back at first, and a light-weighted Irish horse, The Jew, looked dangerous; but when she was given her head she won easily, with Prisoner and Quæsitum, the two most fancied of the light weights, second and third. In the two-year-old race Delphos had not the slightest difficulty, and could have had none with only two extremely moderate opponents.

There was also a very good race on Saturday for the Great Lancashire Handicap, which Baron HIRSCH'S Watercress, also very heavily weighted, just secured from Jodel and a very fair field, including Mortaigne, the once-lauded Milford, and others.

The Derby Cup on Wednesday was the chief event of that meeting, which saw some good fights. Two dozen horses fought for it, including the Duke of PORTLAND'S Raeburn, and some excellent oldsters. But Raeburn was unlucky, being very badly kicked at the post by Pensioner, and he could only get third to Mr. WALLACE JOHNSTONE'S Best Man and Baron ROTH-SCHILD'S Harfleur II.

The London County Council. Last Tuesday the London County Council resolved to make a fresh attempt at Betterment next Session, in the same obnoxious form, and to obtain powers for supplying water.

Miscellaneous. Sir ANDREW CLARK was buried this day week, the earlier part of the ceremony taking place at Westminster Abbey, with a great

assembly, and pall-bearers including Mr. GLADSTONE and the heads of the faculty, while the actual interment was completed at Essendon, near Hatfield.—There was a great fire between the Old Bailey and Ludgate Hill on Wednesday, which destroyed much perfumery and literature. Also (for the first time within many men's memory) there were rumours about the Bank of England, not, of course, as to the stability of that institution, but as to irregularities on the part of its officials.

Obituary. Herr WACHTEL was some years ago a well-known tenor, who, unluckily for himself and his audiences, was a curious instance of "vox et præterea nihil."—Sir ROBERT MORIER, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, was one of the most experienced and ablest of British diplomatists. In his brush with Count HERBERT BISMARCK some time ago the well-known manners of the BISMARCK family gave the Count something of the advantage said to be enjoyed by a sweep when jostling another kind of person; but Sir ROBERT maintained all other kinds of superiority. He had served mainly in Germany, but also in Spain and Portugal, before his translation to Russia.—Baroness TAUPHÉUS, an Englishwoman by birth but German by domicile, was at one time very well known to English novel-readers, and is not, we hope, yet forgotten.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

THE result of the meeting which was opened yesterday at the Foreign Office may be known by the time the *Saturday Review* appears. We cannot for obvious reasons speculate as to what it may be. If one side or the other has made its mind up to yield, or if both are disposed to give up something, a settlement of some kind may easily enough be reached in a day. We cannot believe that if the men insist on fixing a minimum rate of wages at thirty per cent. above the level of 1888 the arrangement can be other than temporary. One indispensable condition of any settlement which is to do more than tide over the winter is that the men must renounce the delusion that wages can be fixed without regard to the market. As long as they maintain that pretension there will always be a possibility of another strike on the scale of this one. It would be a mere delusion to suppose that the fight is over because the masters may be driven to take the men back at the old rate of wages by the pressure of loss and the certainty that prices will be good for some time to come.

The step taken by the Cabinet is one of no small gravity, which may have embarrassing consequences. We will not condemn it on the ground that, whatever else it may be, it is unquestionably a good party move. If the appointment of Lord ROSEBURY as chairman of a meeting between masters and men does lead to a winding up of the strike, and if it does not prove to be the beginning of a series of experiments in State Socialism, then what has been done is well done. The Cabinet may be allowed to have played its own game with skill, and to have earned its right to pose as the true friend of the people, without doing mischief. But it is in the last degree difficult to accept the second of these ifs. We know that any expression of doubt whether this well-intentioned effort to end a most undoubted evil can in the long run do harm is not unlikely to be received with impatient references to "the thin end of the wedge." But if the thin end of the wedge has in its time inspired unnecessary terror, it is no less true that hasty people who are convinced that something must be done have achieved not a little mischief by deciding to do a something of which they did not foresee the consequences. There is an undeniable possibility that, whether Lord ROSE-

BURY succeeds or fails, a great deal may be destined to come out of this innovation. If he succeeds, there will probably (we might well use a more emphatic word) be many demands, in future, for the appointment of a Ministerial chairman whenever another great strike takes place. If he fails, there will unquestionably be a great deal of assertion that he failed because his powers were strictly limited to presiding. From that it is a short step to insisting that in future the Ministerial chairman is to be endowed with powers of coercion.

Now there is a great deal to be said (and a great deal has been said) for the doctrine that Government is only bad when it is unwise, and that an enlightened State is discharging its due function when it controls foolish persons who fight out their quarrels to the general detriment. This is a great theory, but its successful application to affairs presupposes a State which is wise and impartial. It must not be forgotten that in our polity politicians rise to office by securing votes. If we combine this undeniable truth with this other, that there are always more votes among men than among masters, reasons will begin to appear for not feeling entirely at ease as to the ultimate consequences of this last innocent-looking innovation. No doubt if Lord ROSEBURY is to express no opinion, and there is a universal determination that the thing shall go no further, then we need be under no concern. But we have a profound disbelief in the possibilities of stopping very big rocks when they have begun to roll down steep hills. We are told that the miners about Leeds have been heard to thank God that the Government has at last stepped in. It is difficult to believe that they will rest patiently content if it is found that the Government has stepped in for the purpose of doing nothing at all. Moreover, it is self-evident that the State Socialists have a right to claim that the action of the Cabinet in departing from its attitude of strict abstinence from all intervention in strikes is a concession to them. It would be folly to suppose that they will be content with the mere loan of a Foreign Secretary to serve as chairman at a meeting. They will demand more; and, if they do not get it, that will be because they encounter effective resistance. But, then, this is another way of saying that a new matter of dispute will have been added to domestic politics.

The meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber on Tuesday ought to show any one who is in doubt on the subject what an amount of vague sentiment there is in the country which is capable of becoming mischievous excitement. When we speak of the vague sentiment of the representatives of "various sections of the 'Christian Church' who attended this Conference, we use, as regards a good few of them, an expression perhaps more polite than exact. The very artful attempt which was made to entrap the Dean of WESTMINSTER into giving the use of the Chamber to an agitators' meeting has very much more the look of the serpent than of the dove. But we will be content for the present with the vague sentiment, and will suppose that all these ecclesiastical persons were misled into what had the air of vulgar smartness by sheer ignorance of the game—though, to be sure, it is hard to think that Archdeacon FARRAR, Canon SCOTT HOLLAND, Messrs. FLEMING WILLIAMS, and HUGH PRICE HUGHES are absolute babes in the business of this wicked world. Since they are, we would recommend them to have recourse to the services of the laity on the like occasions in future. An average attorney would hardly fail to call their attention to the fact that there is a certain air of cunning of the silly sort about an attempt to entrap a chairman by carefully keeping the agenda paper from his attention till the last minute.

The wariness of the Dean of WESTMINSTER was not to

be surprised, and no resolutions were put at this Conference of various sections of the Christian Church which met "with a view to the adoption of some action which should put a stop to, or at least diminish, the evils of the present system of industrial warfare." But the speeches made amply showed what the resolutions would have been, and what they will be when these artfully artless persons can meet where there is no Dean to prevent their appearance as the rivals of lay labour agitators. The Bishop of ROCHESTER candidly allowed that he did not in the least understand the merits of the dispute in the coal trade; but he was sure that economic laws were only one of the elements to be considered along with the Christian principles which are also to be taken into account. He held that Christian principles were expressed in this formula:—"That the maintenance of a standard of decent living should be recognized as an essential condition of the settlement of labour disputes." The Bishop did not explain what "a standard of decent living" is, nor how a given body of men are to obtain a fixed sum out of any one trade if the returns are not great enough to afford it; and still less did he explain how Christian principles require that the price of a commodity should be kept up in order to supply one body of workmen with high wages, largely at the expense of classes far poorer than themselves. As might be expected, there were speakers who went far beyond the Bishop of ROCHESTER in absurdity. Mr. FLEMING WILLIAMS was utterly amazed to hear Mr. SAMUEL SMITH say that the laws of supply and demand are inexorable. He would probably be amazed to be told that humanitarian emotion cannot get over gravitation. Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES thought that industrial war should be put a stop to like private wars between towns and barons. Does Mr. PRICE HUGHES propose that the capitalist, who presumably represents the baron, should have his head cut off when he will not pay the wages demanded, or that the miners, who stand for the towns, should be driven into the mines by troops of horse, and kept there hungry till they send up a fixed quantity of coal? It was to be noted that none of the speakers considered the possibility that a board of arbitration might decide on a review of the evidence that the returns of the trade would not at once afford a profit on capital and what the men considered a "decent standard of living." Yet the case has arisen. The speakers at the Jerusalem Chamber seem to take it for granted that a profession of Christian principles will, in some way or another, produce money. That, at least, is how they talked; but some of them may be acquitted of any such silliness. They take the far more practical view that a loud profession of those principles, carefully adapted to the use of the New Unionism, may be trusted to produce a profitable popularity.

CRIBS.

THE fashion of "Crib" changes. The old cribs were unblushingly literal translations written in such English as came to hand, and were no more remarkable for accuracy than for literary charm. Only bad lazy boys were supposed to use a crib, and they were detected by not knowing which Greek or Latin word corresponded to the English. We have heard a boy with an air of confidence unspeakable render Greek words which meant "Then the soldiers laughed" by "XENOPHON having begun his march." He had got a very good construe, but not for the lines which had fallen to his lot. There were, perhaps, a few boys who used a crib as a guide in difficult places, and who did look up words in a dictionary, avoiding the crib's line of language. Nobody with any sense of humour or poetry could adopt the late Mr. PALEY's deliciously absurd

"construes" of PINDAR or ÆSCHYLUS. The old cribs, we think, did very little harm. The lazy dull boys would have learnt nothing in any case; the clever lazy boys saw through the imbecilities of BOHN, and some inveterate users of cribs were notably good at "unseen passages," so they can have taken little harm.

But the modern crib is a very different affair. It is often done by a scholar, and he aims at writing in something like the English language. These cribs, in fact, are intended for grown-up people who, when they read an ancient author, want to know what he said, in prose, and not what some modern poetaster thinks he should have said—in verse. A writer in the *Classical Review*, Mr. PAGE, is made miserable by the modern crib. Mr. SERGEAUNT has done the Fourth Æneid into prose, rather archaistic, as it seems, and this crib is published "for the school." This looks as if the schoolmasters did not disapprove of cribs, though we do not see why Westminster boys are too good to use Mr. MACKAIL's *Virgil*. Mr. PAGE decides that "all translations, except poetical ones, are baneful"—which is another proof that "poetical ones" are not translations. But Mr. PAGE says with truth about prose cribs, "The better they are the worse they are," because a boy readily finds more poetical phrases than Mr. THEODORE ALOYS BUCKLEY or Mr. PALEY, but is hardly likely to try to improve on Mr. JEBB. With Mr. JEBB's *Sophocles* in their hands, modesty prevents boys from trying to think for themselves. Mr. SERGEAUNT, it seems, is archaistic. He uses the word "spilth," and Mr. PAGE does not know what "spilth" is. "*Conjugium vocat*, she cleped it a marriage." "Cleped" is a vile phrase; we think any boy would think twice before he ventured on "cleped." He should get a bad mark for "clepe," if not for "spilth." That will learn him to be a toad.

As for "lurdans," a boy should be whipped who uses "lurdans" in translating VIRGIL. "Gride" should be no-balled—

Infixum stridit sub pectore vulnus,

"the sword grided deep in her breast." We almost prefer Mr. STEVENSON's "I felt the hilt dirl on his breast-bone." Most modern translators have "gride" here; but a sword, if it does not strike on a bone (and this sword did not), does not "gride." BOWEN has "the death wound sobs"; perhaps the *rôle* of the dying is included in the sense. But griding is not in it. Examiners of sense will discount all this mechanical griding, all the second-hand "spilth," and as for "lurdans," it should mean a plucking. But Mr. PAGE seems to think that Examiners reward these excesses with full marks.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

THERE are many obvious differences between an anchor and a dolphin; but perhaps one only of the many—that, to wit, which arises from the tendency of the anchor to sink and of the dolphin to swim—may account for the annually recurring difference between the Gladstonian and Tory speeches at Bristol on Colston Day. Certain it is that the Gladstonians, as an almost invariable rule, seem much more chary than the Conservatives of sending their chief speakers to support the Chairman presiding at the banquet of the Society affected to their particular political views. Last Monday this peculiarity was more conspicuous and the resulting contrast more marked than ever. Lord HALSBURY, as those who have heard him in that capacity during his Chancellorship are well aware, is a capital after-dinner speaker; Mr. PLUNKET with any audience is a finished orator;

and it is quite melancholy to compare the Dolphin riding the waves under this pair of ARIONS with the Anchor plunging sullenly to the bottom in the embrace of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. The only gleam of humour at the Gladstonian banquet—a watery gleam filtering up, as it were, from the depths—irradiated palely the speech of Mr. E. F. V. KNOX, who said that the alliance of the Gladstonians and the Irish party was “sometimes called a union of hearts, but that he (Mr. KNOX) should like their alliance to be formed on some more stable basis than the heart.” We certainly agree with Mr. KNOX that the Celtic heart, with its alternations, and in the self-same bosom, between “undying gratitude” and “unchangeable hate,” is not the most stable of bases for an alliance; but we cannot at the same time quite share his confidence that another and more lasting foundation has been found in “mutual interest.” What CARLYLE called the “nexus of cash payment” will not stand the strain to which it is subjected by the bankruptcy of either of the parties; and the establishment opened by Mr. GLADSTONE for the sale of British interests for Irish votes is already in difficulties, and looks likely at no distant date to come down with a run.

Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY is not exactly what you would call a picturesque or animated orator, even when he is dealing with an important subject; what Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY was like, therefore, when handling the Parish Councils Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill, and the reasons why the defeat of the Home Rule Bill is a blessing in disguise to his party, may be with more humanity left to the imagination than presented to the understanding. One passage only we may cull from the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S speech, and that is his observation on the business which has occupied the House throughout the present week, and the most important incident of which occurred at the close of the week before. Mr. MORLEY spoke of “having opposed and defeated amendments that would have made the Employers' Liability Bill a “permissive measure”; and, if by this he means that the amendments were opposed by the Government and defeated by vigorous application of the whip to the backs of the “items,” we need take no exception to his language. But that is the only construction of it which can give it any pretence to accuracy. There was no real preponderance of Gladstonian opposition to Mr. McLAREN'S Clause, and its rejection was only brought about by the abject cowardice of some of Mr. McLAREN'S Gladstonian sympathizers, who ran away from the division, and the black treachery of certain others, who allowed themselves to be double-thonged into the Ministerial Lobby. Among the bulk of the party there was a very manifest disinclination to say anything in justification of their mechanical vote. That was left to the open advocates of Trade-Union tyranny, like Mr. JOHN BURNS, and to such of the Parliamentary creatures of the Trade-Union vote as were not ashamed to proclaim on the Treasury Bench their subservience in speech as well as act. Their only spokesman was the HOME SECRETARY, who argued the case in a strictly professional spirit, yet without being able, despite all his forensic adroitness, to conceal his consciousness of the fact that his case was about as bad as it could be.

The truth is, and, in fact, it was evident from a very early stage of the debate, that if the claims of justice, of individual freedom, of the interest of the workman, as distinguished from those who “run” the workman, and of public policy had been given even a tenth part of the weight which a Parliamentary majority not enslaved to the wire-puller would have assigned to them, Mr. McLAREN'S amendment would have been accepted practically without debate. As to the claims of justice

and industrial freedom, the few Ministerialist speakers left them severely and prudently alone. Mr. ASQUITH was careful to talk round this part of the question, instead of attacking it directly. He would have found it pretty hard to make out that gross injustice is not done to the scores of thousands of railway servants whom the Bill will compel to forego advantages which they at present possess, or that brutal tyranny is not practised upon men who have by an overwhelming majority declared their desire to maintain a system which they are to be forced to abandon. We can well understand, we say, that Mr. ASQUITH did not care to maintain the negative of these two propositions, and preferred an attempt to “turn” them with the assistance of the not very hopeful contention that, on this occasion only, the difficulty of eating the cake and having it will be overcome. The railway servants, that is to say, will be able to eat their cake in the form of statutory protection, and to have it still in the form of private voluntary insurance. If such a contention did not earn its immediate dismissal on the mere ground of its repugnancy to common sense and universal experience, it would have effectually got its *congé* from Mr. PLUNKET, whose declaration on the point—a point on which he speaks with the twofold authority of a politician and of a representative of the body of employers specially concerned in the question—was final.

The solitary pretext put forward by some of the apologists of the Government for opposing Mr. McLAREN'S amendment is in reality disposed of by the very terms of that amendment itself. To permit contracting out of the Bill only on such or suchlike conditions as those on which this right is demanded for railway servants could in no degree impair the general operative effect of the measure. It is mere nonsense to pretend that it endangers the interests of the workman as concerned in the maintenance of his statutory security for compensation, and exposes the unorganized employés in comparatively small businesses to the risk of being deprived by their employers of the protection of the Act. To whatever extent workmen are unprotected by combination, to exactly that extent would they be protected by statute. In the cases where they possess the power of combination, and where it has resulted in their protecting themselves by a method of voluntary agreement with their employers, which has worked to the perfect satisfaction of both parties for upwards of twenty years, it is a mere oppressive invasion of their rights to drag them against their will within the cast-iron provisions of an Act of Parliament. There are other points in which the Bill, as reported, is open to more or less grave objection; but, as compared with this detail of it, they are comparatively insignificant. The new clause introduced by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, with reference to the liability of an employer for the negligence of a subcontractor, does not, in our opinion, by any means fulfil the conditions to which the Government promised that it should conform; and Mr. BALFOUR'S adverse criticisms on Clause 5, with its illogical, even if unavoidable, exclusion of military and naval servants of the Crown from the right of compensation conceded to its employés, appear to us unanswerable. But the one great and shameful blot on the Bill is its tyrannical abrogation of carefully guarded and mutually satisfactory agreements between employers and workmen; and it is to this, and to the duty of removing it, that the attention of the other branch of the Legislature will now have mainly to be directed. Lord SALISBURY has already declared his intentions in this matter, with perfect clearness and decision, and we cannot for a moment suppose that he spoke without deliberately weighing his words. He insisted emphatically on the duty of the House of Lords to protect the rights of those workmen who object to being

forced to substitute a costly, a dilatory, and a contentious for a cheap, expeditious, and amicable method of settling claims upon their employers for compensation; and we confidently look to that House for the discharge of this duty. They should send back the Bill to the Commons with Mr. McLAREN'S clause inserted, and leave the Government to choose between shaking off the yoke of the Trades-Unionists and taking the responsibility of the loss of a Bill in which they have not had the courage to do common justice to a large section of the class in whose interests it is professedly framed.

THE MATABELE QUESTION.

THE persons who turn the tap of South African news have not been very generously disposed during the last week; and it can hardly be said that we know very much more than we knew at the time of last writing as to actual affairs on the spot. But we know a good deal in other ways; and it so happens that some of the things that we do not know are rather instructive by mere dint of not being known. Thus, for instance, it is not by any means unimportant that the British South Africa Company should have hardly waited for the announcement of its second mowing-match with the Matabele to announce its intention of raising another million of capital to buy itself out in one of its numerous parasitic capacities—a proceeding which has already at least benefited the lawyers. The appointment of Major FORBES as Acting Magistrate at Bulawayo is wholly proper; as in another way is the hoisting of the Imperial flag over the Tati Concession. But what is at once most surprising and most significant is the extreme paucity of news from the Imperial forces engaged in the expedition. The rumours of misconduct spread apparently by "Company" partisans are transparently absurd; the simple fact being, as we pointed out last week, that the Bechuanaland column was the only one that had any real fighting to do. But if Colonel GOULD-ADAMS is a blameless commander, then he is a very unfortunate one. The shooting of the two Indunas is still practically unexplained. The strange neglect, not to say ill-treatment, of the third is unexplained. The departure of KHAMA and his troops is unexplained, except by explanations which explain nothing. The length of time which the Southern column spent on its way is unexplained. This is rather too much of the Philosophy of the Unexplained for a single philosopher in HER MAJESTY'S service to indulge in, unless somebody has been playing tricks with the Colonel's despatches or they have been kept studiously secret.

Meanwhile the first rumour of LOBENGULA'S movements, afterwards contradicted, has been renewed, and he is said to be in full flight for the Zambesi. We still observe the prevalence in some quarters of an impression, apparent or real, that this will settle the question. It cannot be too strongly urged that it is unlikely to do anything of the kind. In the first place, there is the report that a Matabele inroad will be strongly resisted by the Barotse and other tribes on the further side of the river. They would, indeed, be foolish if they failed to take the advantage of the great ditch; and some of them, as Mr. SELOUS and others will tell us, are somewhat ugly customers. Therefore, it may well happen that the Matabele, shorn as they are of their prestige, will be thrown back on Southern Zambesia, where, as broken men, they will be far more formidable than they could be when they foolishly flung themselves in masses on certain destruction. You cannot put a Maxim gun in every outlying homestead, and if you did, the chances are that the homestead would still be rushed. But whether the tribe falls back or whether it forces its way northwards, the responsibility of the

Company and the Empire will continue. It must have been noticed by any one who reads attentively that there has been a notable stir in the last few days about boundaries. Every nation, every Company round about, is looking up its titles and preparing to protect its frontiers against Mr. RHODES'S active prospectors. And we cannot expect to dislodge a body, still many thousands strong, of the fiercest warriors in South Africa from their own homes, and turn them wandering into other people's country, without trouble. Everything south of the river is now very strictly mapped out in concessions, and what not, between ourselves, the Boers (to whom, by the way, a heavy solatium for the extension of English rule has just been paid by the final abandonment of the Swazis), and the Portuguese. North of it there are other "Companies," each with its own concession and treaties; there are again the Portuguese, and beyond these there are the Congo Free State and Germany. We cannot, we say, expect to be allowed to launch the flying Matabele into an area thus strictly pegged out, like a glass marble in the good old game of Cockamaroo, to bump first against one peg and then against another till it settles somewhere. It is, of course, possible that the apparent blank has been filled by a brisk exchange of telegrams between Sir HENRY LOCH, Lord RIPON, and Mr. RHODES. And we do not think that much doubt ought to exist among reasonable people as to the lines of the settlement on which the two former ought to insist. A sufficient Matabele reservation under strictly Imperial control, in which the remnant of the tribe may have a chance of settling down to inoffensive life, as even more formidable cousins of theirs among the Kaffirs of the South have settled before; a fair "spoils of war" allowance to the Company, compensated by a somewhat stricter Imperial hold over its administration, and a considerable extension of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, give the general outlines. Nor should it be difficult to fill them up.

A "RECORD" IN DEPUTATIONS.

THE interview between the LORD CHANCELLOR and the deputation of Gladstonian members who waited upon him in the "Moses Room" of the House of Lords last Wednesday was in many respects unique. In the first place, it was, we suppose, the biggest deputation on record; in the next place, its views were "voiced," as many of them would doubtless express it, by the largest number of speakers on record; and, lastly, its representations were replied to at far and away the greatest length on record. If there still be any one who is not by this time sated with the unexampled, let him further perpend the astounding fact that "280 members of the Liberal party"—or, in other words, a number more than equal to its whole strength, exclusive of the Irish—either actively selected or passively accepted as their "introducer" and leading spokesman, Mr. CORYPHÆUS CLEOPHUS MORTON. Leaving, however, this last touch of the *einzig* out of consideration, let us be content with recording that the members of the deputation who addressed Lord HERSCHELL after Mr. MORTON had made an end of speaking numbered sixteen, and that Lord HERSCHELL'S reply to them fills very nearly four columns of the *Times*. Taken both together, deputation and Minister, they left all previous performances far behind. The next longest speech to the LORD CHANCELLOR'S, which has ever been delivered in like circumstances, was the PRIME MINISTER'S in receiving the deputation of Ulster merchants; but then the PRIME MINISTER is Mr. GLADSTONE, and the speech was mainly prolonged in order to prevent the Ulster merchants from saying anything.

It was not gratuitous prolixity on the part of Lord HERSCHELL, nor perhaps for that matter on the part of any one concerned. It would be difficult to prescribe any hard-and-fast time-limit to the speeches of a Minister and a body of Parliamentary supporters who have got so wide a difference of view to bridge over as that which divides the 280 Gladstonians from the LORD CHANCELLOR. For the 280 are, or were, of opinion that there are two ways, and only two, of satisfactorily manning the bench of county magistrates. One—the best—is that the members for the county divisions, being Radicals, should select such persons from among their constituents as the local wire-pullers may consider to be most influential in securing the return of such members to Parliament; and that the names of these persons having been submitted to the LORD CHANCELLOR, he shall thereupon, and without further inquiry, place them on the Commission of the Peace. This, as we have said, was, in the obvious opinion of the deputation, abstractedly the best of all ways; but the practical objection to it is that the LORD CHANCELLOR “would,” as he told them, “sooner renounce his office to-morrow” than consent to discharge its duties in such a fashion. So the Radicals are obliged to fall back on the second-best way of selecting county magistrates, which differs from the very best in this: that the CHANCELLOR on receiving the names should institute inquiries into the fitness of the nominees, either by interrogating his own consciousness or referring to somebody who is of the same opinion as their nominators, and that, in the event of his not finding out that they, or any of them, have been “convicted of an indictable offence,” or of “using unjust weights and measures” (as in the two cases so unkindly cast up against his Radical friends the other day by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL), the CHANCELLOR shall forthwith proceed as before to place them on the Commission of the Peace. This, we do not deny, is a handsome concession on the part of the Radicals, and might appear at first sight to provide the basis of a compromise. But when we add that Lord HERSCHELL’s practice has been to prosecute his inquiry into the qualifications of the nominees by referring to the persons who are likely to know most about them—to wit, the Lords-Lieutenant of the counties—it will be seen that there still remained a formidable divergence between his views and those of the deputation, and the four columns, or thereabouts, of the *Times* explain themselves.

That they also satisfied the deputation, or that eight columns would have done so, we do not say. Nor, indeed, does it much matter to the public; since it is clear that, whether “fourteen score Gladstonian boys” will know the reason why or not, the LORD CHANCELLOR has no intention of fulfilling the mischievous undertakings or half-undertakings that were made to the Radicals by the Government, but intends to return, and has, indeed, already returned in effect, to the method of appointment adopted by his predecessors, having, in fact, found it to be the only method which can secure the county bench from being swamped with incapable, if not disreputable, political partisans. And this point of sole importance to the public being settled, there is nothing to disturb one’s amused contemplation of the extraordinary mental state of those Radicals who, in view of the present estimation in which the average member of Parliament is held, can believe that his fitness to nominate magistrates will be generally recognized, and who, in order to the triumphant silencing of all doubts thereon by a demonstration of their own “piercing judgment” in persons and things, proceed to elevate Mr. A. C. MORTON on their two hundred and eighty shields.

THE COLSTON BANQUETS.

THE birthday of the late Mr. COLSTON of Bristol—transferred, by the difference between the Old Style and the New, from the 2nd to the 13th of November—is annually celebrated by rites the strangeness of which is lost sight of in their periodic occurrence. Representatives of the two political parties meet in their respective head-quarters to abuse each other, and to defend or attack the Ministry of the day, according as they may be in or out of office. Why Mr. COLSTON’s birthday should be selected for this combat, in which the antagonists do not come face to face, but fight, as BOB ACRES desired to, out of sight each of their adversaries, is not readily intelligible. EDWARD COLSTON was born 257 years ago, when CHARLES I. was King, and lived well on to the reign of GEORGE I. More than a hundred and seventy years have passed since he quitted this terraqueous globe, and his memory, unlike the history of the great Athenian, is at once a possession for ever and a theme of temporary contention. Why the two parties should deem it a fitting day on which to fire long shots at each other is, perhaps, to be explained on the principle which sometimes made gladiatorial combats a part of the funeral ceremonial of ancient heroes. Mr. COLSTON was an immense benefactor to Bristol, according to the eleemosynary ideas of his time; and we only wonder that the Charity Commissioners, who see in the pious founder an object of posthumous spoliation, have not laid hand upon his bequests. We can understand Bristol celebrating him without distinction of party, as one of the Societies instituted in honour of his memory—the Grateful Society—endeavours to do. Even the Grateful Society, misled perhaps by bad example, is not always successful in its efforts. It does not range itself, like the Dolphin, on the side of Lord SALISBURY, or like the Anchor on that of Mr. GLADSTONE, but through its principal orator transferred the war, on Monday, to Africa, and took up the cudgels for Mr. CECIL RHODES and against Mr. LABOUCHERE.

The Tory Society, the Dolphinites, came into existence in 1726, five years after COLSTON’s death, and had something to say for itself. It was the period of Whig supremacy, and the ascendancy of WALPOLE in the public life of England had begun. There was some appropriateness in sheltering local opposition under the name of COLSTON, who was a Tory and High Churchman, possibly of Jacobite inclinations, for his father had been a Royalist in the days of the Great Rebellion, and had received CHARLES I. under his roof. COLSTON’s hatred of Whigs and Dissenters was bitter—so the writer of his memoir in the *Dictionary of National Biography* tells us—and he probably would turn in his grave, if a change of attitude in those circumstances gives moral relief, could he have known that Nonconformity, in the person of Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY, would ever claim a share in him. The Whig Society, which calls itself by the name of the Anchor—though that emblem of stability seems now out of place, and the Dolphin, with its colours shifting in death, would be more appropriate—came into existence in 1749, when the PELHAMS had succeeded to WALPOLE’s power. It is not uncharitable to suspect an electioneering motive in its beneficence, though from a political point of view it might as well celebrate the memory of Downright SHIPPEN, or Dr. JOHNSON, or Lord ELDON. When we read that the funds of the Conservative Dolphin are devoted to giving “annuities to the aged and deserving poor,” and those of the Liberal Anchor to providing in the same way for “poor and deserving persons in the declining years of their lives,” it is difficult to avoid suspecting an electioneering motive in this benevolence, akin to that which dictated the emulous distribution of green parasols

and of stockings and flannel at Eatonswill. Of the oratorical competition on Monday it is sufficient to say that, while Lord HALSBURY and Mr. PLUNKET spoke at the Dolphin dinner, Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY was the solitary representative of official Gladstonianism at the Anchor, and succeeded in making weakness weaker. Mr. MORLEY repeated in a mechanical way, and as if from dictation, the usual bluster about the House of Lords and about the continuance of the Session into January, if the Parish Councils and Employers' Liability Bills are not finished before Christmas. No one suspects Mr. MORLEY of speaking anything from himself, or of being more than the bearer of a message from Mr. GLADSTONE. In this view what he says may be more significant than the declarations of more considerable men. But the hero of the occasion was Mr. KNOX, who, as Anti-Parnellite Fellow of All Souls, balances the Parnellite ex-Fellow, Mr. ROCHEFORT MAGUIRE. Mr. KNOX declaring himself weary of Mr. GLADSTONE's talk about union of hearts recalls the image of ROBIN the Grinder struggling in the suffocating embrace of good Mrs. BROWN. The alliance of the Gladstonians and Nationalists, he says, is not one of mutual admiration, but of mutual interest. The hint is pretty clear that the Anti-Parnellites are getting tired of being paid with words, and will insist on something more substantial.

SCARES.

IT was inevitable that the late demonstration in Paris and at Toulon should be followed by a little crop of scares. Accordingly scares have duly come up, and some of them are indeed curious. There is, to begin with, our outbreak of anxiety as to the strength of the navy, which has unquestionably been sharpened by the fear that the French-Russian alliance will do us a damage. That an attack upon us by these two Powers might happen is sufficient reason for being prepared to meet it. On Monday night Ministers will have an opportunity of indicating what they mean to do with the building programme of the navy, and it will be time enough to discuss their policy when they have shown their hand, or have refused to show it.

In the meantime it is interesting to note the growth of the demand made by those whom we will not call the alarmists, but will only describe as those who are most manifestly alarmed. It used to be thought that, if our navy was equal to the two next most important in Europe, it was strong enough. This, however, is no longer universally accepted as sufficient. There is a demand for a new and a much higher standard. It is neatly enough formulated by Admiral COLOMB in the *Times* of Friday in these words:—"But to offer an equality would be to court battles, with all the glories of chance to leave as losers. Our position cannot be secure unless we can always match every French or Russian force in port with a superior force outside it." Now, of course, a force of such marked superiority as to deprive the enemy of any hope of victory would need to be something more than a ship or two. It must be at least an excess of fifty per cent. But as we must be prepared to relieve the ships engaged in blockade, and replace loss by storm or collision, it follows that we must have a reserve. To provide all this it would at least be necessary to maintain a fleet twice the size of the united French and Russian fleets. But, as Admiral COLOMB at least knows, the ships are only one element of naval strength, and not the most important. There must be officers and men—and *fit* officers and men. The Spanish fleet of the last century is a standing proof that mere number, excellence, and size of ships may be a snare rather than a source of strength. Therefore, unless we are prepared to see our ships lying idle in port, or to send them out so

ill-manned that they would fall easy victims to the first efficient enemy they met, we must see that the increase in the number of trained officers and disciplined crews keeps pace with the growth of the number of ships. The advocates of a great increase for the navy would be guilty of a downright suppression of the truth in writing as if the country will be at the end of its outlay when it has voted money for the building programme.

On the Continent, too, there are scares and rumours of scares. There is the very loud rumour that Russia is to acquire an island in the Cyclades, and that an alliance against England is as good as made. The first question which suggests itself on hearing a rumour of this kind is, Why on earth should Russia want an island in the Cyclades, when her friends at Paris would be delighted to lend her Biserta, a capital port, with a great tract of country behind it from which to draw supplies? What would a Power in the position of Russia do with an island in the Cyclades if she were beaten on the sea, except lose it; while, if she and her ally won, there are all those ally's ports open to her? In any case, is it to be supposed that a French-Russian alliance would be so silly as to divide its naval forces in the Mediterranean between the Cyclades and Toulon, and so give us the opportunity to act against them on interior lines from Malta? We hope they would; but we think it more likely that they would get their squadrons together in one port, as France and Spain did in the war of the Austrian Succession. But stories of this kind prove nothing as to the intentions of France and Russia, but only as to the disposition of certain persons to be, or profess to be, frightened. A much better instance has just been given on the Italian frontier of France. In that region the fact that the Italian Government retained the oldest class of the men in its Alpine regiments a little beyond the usual date set going an actual panic. All the sheep and cattle on the French side of the line were brought down before the usual date, and one night the French garrison at Modane was actually called under arms to repel an imaginary Italian advance. Here is proof positive of the chronic state of nervous tension which prevails on some parts of the Continent.

ST. ANDREWS "HOWKINGS."

THAT St. Andrews, the old ecclesiastical capital of Scotland—"old time centre of history and present cellarage of romance"—should have an under-world of its own was natural enough; the thing is not unprecedented—though, indeed, like the Chancellor who was himself an ancestor, St. Andrews herself makes precedents. Yet it was but an accident that brought the matter to light; and the discovery came late in time.

Mr. W. T. Linskill, the President and Founder of the Cambridge University G. C., had long suspected that there were secret passages subterraneously awaiting the explorer. The idea was in keeping with the very "note" of the place. And from a vast technical knowledge Mr. Linskill had established it in his own mind that the crypt in the Cathedral was identical with certain others on the Continent, which are mere receptacles for numberless passages leading from every quarter of their several cities to disembody therein. Constructed on the same pattern, why should the St. Andrews crypt not have its similar tributaries? Thus Mr. Linskill; but men within and without the Royal and Ancient said, "Go to"; and, while he kept to his opinion, our hero could but bow his head, and await the passage of events. And now, with Mr. Stevenson, be good enough to "admire the Romance of Destiny." In 1879 certain masons were at work on the foundations of a new house just outside the castle of Cardinal Beaton. Wheeling his barrow over a heap of stones and gravel, one of the men felt the earth yawn beneath him, and in a minute

had disappeared from his fellows, barrow and all—clean spirited away. For he had fallen through the roof of what is now called the Castle Passage. A passage it was unmistakably, vaulted, floored, the work of men's hands; and—what is more noticeable—running in a line from the Castle to the Cathedral. But mark the idiocy of man. Just when there was so fair a chance of plucking the heart from this mystery; when the passage, in a word, could so easily have been explored in the line it was clearly steering, right on to the Cathedral; when in another four-and-twenty hours the crypt itself might have stood revealed with all those treasures in gold and silver which faith assigns to it, and its scarcely less fondly cherished wealth of romance and wonder—the local Jack-in-office must needs step in and forbid all further investigation. Nowadays it is to be feared that he would be outwitted, and that the night season would conveniently cover an assault from the passage by Mr. Linskill and his merry men. But the former was not in St. Andrews at the time; and, indeed, it is to be recorded with a shamed, if with a grateful heart, that only two righteous persons were found in the city to prevent the passage from being filled up again; this, in fact, was actually proposed. This passage runs, then, from the Castle, a distance of 90 feet, and there comes to a stop on the wall erected as a barrier by the aforesaid Jack-in-office. You enter it by an artificial wicket of very flagrant red brick which has been put up under the ivied tower of the castle. Inside, the passage descends abruptly, and is some 5 feet broad and 4 feet high, with a groove cut in the rock floor; and four paces further you come on a blind passage, leading off some 21 feet to the east. Further on there is another *cul de sac* about 5½ feet long; the usual explanation being that the builders were merely making shots for the nearest way to the Cathedral, and to avoid the moat. The main passage now becomes wider, and suddenly falls on a lower story, which you need a ladder to reach in safety, when you find yourself in a room apparently of near 14 feet in breadth and 10 feet in height. Passing through this you get to the foot of a wide staircase cut out of the solid rock. There are thirty-four steps in all, but you mount them only to come upon the modern wall, and you can but turn and go back, and note the tables, shelves, and chairs of stone on the way, and utter your platitude on the strangeness of it all. *Via Dolorosa!* Unhappy passage rescued from oblivion only to be consigned to another spell of blind-alleydom. Though tourists in generations explore its gloom and applaud its mystery, it will never again carry men to the Cathedral—a most hapless river, fated never to reach its sea.

But many eggs must be broken before the omelette is confected, and this abortive business was rich in good results. That unknown quantity, Public Interest, was awakened; Mr. Linskill's theory of the passages became respectable; an informal Club, with himself and Mr. Bruce as its presidents, was started, with excavating as its cause and end; and for the first time there came into being an intelligent attitude towards the subject. If there was an excess of ardour for the chase, and old drains were claimed as secret paths, and cats' skulls for martyrs', and proposals made (as in a Glasgow paper, in cold blood) that a Company might be promoted to search the Cathedral for the crypt with its hidden treasure (shade of the Lord Advocate!), by way of a sound commercial enterprise, it was at least certain that real relics would no longer be tossed aside for rubbish, nor real passages filled up for drains. Dormant memories, too, awoke in the brains of old inhabitants. One came forward and recorded how, in 1830, when the rubbish of generations (of which a word will be said anon) was being tardily removed from the Cathedral, himself had been witness of the beginnings of a winding-staircase (leading where?) which was suddenly—"in a clap"—revealed, as by magic, from under its pall of rubble; and was then as hastily—filled up. And the word of the Vandal foreman who ordered this repletion was recalled, and it was significant; for he had said:—"Oh! fill it up. It'll be just one of yon staircases that lead down to the sea." Were they such common things in the memory of a mason grown old by 1830—these subterranean flights? Finally, there came forth a letter, written about the year '60 by a former resident of St. Andrews, on the eve of his departure, to a friend who was surviving within its walls, as being the sum of his antiquarian researches. It dealt with every

class and type of relic, some too little germane to our subject to stand quotation; yet much of it may be fitly cited, for it is the most important of pre-Linskillian contributions, and of itself, indeed, a wine that needs no bush. "I always understood," writes this observer, "that there was a subterranean passage between the Castle and Cathedral, and have a vague remembrance of its being met in Gregory's Lane when a drain was being laid. I have also a vague recollection (or I dreamt it) that some feet beneath the top of the wall situated at the east end of the Cathedral nave, and built circularly to that extent, there was a door opening in the masonry looking west, which, if true, might probably be the termination of that passage. . . . The Kirkhall Chapel and everything about it had evidently been buried under gravelled earth to smother the Plague out of sight and memory. . . . At Rathelpie a Picts castle stood—that of Alpine Ring, King of the Picts. . . . Stone coffins were found at St. Nicholas Farm, near the East Sands. . . . Among other reminiscences, I recall looking at some stonemasons repairing the Abbey wall near the Lighthouse tower, under a slab in the same wall bearing an inscription to the effect that A Gray of Kinfauns was buried near. A chisel belonging to one of the men fell through an interstice, and disappeared. I urged the men to take out some of the stones of the wall, when, lo! we found a vault in the interior, and, striking a light, we discovered a coffin with a roof-shaped lid, which had partly fallen off, and inside was the form of a female dressed in satin, which, when touched, became dust, and on her skeleton hands and forearms she wore long white gauntlet gloves, with numerous buttons of gold. The wall was built up again. . . . In a wall at the side of the City Road I found a square receptacle, formed of slabs, with an urn inside, and on the top of the field within, a foot or so on the surface, I found a piece of pig-skin leather rolled up, and written inside in red ink some words to the effect that a treasure was hidden near. . . . In Kinkell Cave a famous Northumbrian antiquary (Carr of Dunstan) found carved in Runic letters the name of Ian (John, I suppose), probably the hermit of the cave. . . . My friend — bought at a sale a large parchment deed with the great seal attached to it, and this was the deed of the Induction of Archbishop Sharp to the temporalities (at any rate) of the See of St. Andrews. It had on it a large blood stain, and had evidently been on the Archbishop's person when he was murdered. In the account of the murder it is recorded that the assassins stole papers from him. . . . Here, then, may end the testimony of the pre-Linskillian antiquary. And the conclusion of the whole matter, thus far, was that men's minds were now turned seriously and intelligently from the Links to the Cathedral; and that this was the Revolution of the year 1879.

THE CONFERENCE OF WOMEN WORKERS.

FOR four days last week Leeds was in the hands of women workers. Hospitably entertained by the householders, they had gathered from all parts of the country to take counsel together on works religious, philanthropic, and technical. From 10 to 1 o'clock, and from 2:30 to 4:30, and from 7 to 9:30, any one entering the Albert Hall found the platform occupied, and the body of the large hall well filled. Women reporters were at work at the tables, and the arrangements were in the hands of women stewards. A Conference or Congress of women does not differ in essentials from similar meetings of the other sex. Women are more coldly decorous, and female modesty shows a painful fear of its own voice when it is met together as a congregation. Women are deeply interested, and religiously attentive; but their attitude is one of attendance in church, and they seem untouched by the electric thrill and sympathetic touch which move a public meeting of men. No doubt as they get more accustomed to the assembling of themselves together these characteristics will wear off; but at present a timid lukewarm appearance seriously neutralizes the effect of their confabulations. The papers read were nearly always good in substance, though often, considering that the time limit was twenty minutes (two minutes before which time an inexorable bell rings), they would have done better to be more condensed in form, and the length of the introduction to their subject might have been

more strictly curtailed. The discussion following on these papers gave a limit of ten minutes to each speaker, and a question interpolated might not exceed three minutes. No resolutions were allowed to be put from any part of the Conference, and all "party sides" were forbidden. Excellent as these rules are as regards getting through the papers expeditiously, as far as our observation went we think a debating element would have been of profit to the matters under discussion. Each woman seemed too much for her own paper, anxious to get through her subject within the allotted time; the discussion too often merely produced accounts of similar interests and works, without eliciting the real method of the work discussed, or the position and prospects of the women either engaged in the work or profiting from its operation. The papers ranged over a vast field. "The Training of Christian Workers" occupied the first morning, and the afternoon was given to "Health Teaching in Towns and Villages," Miss Nightingale contributing a paper on the last. The evening was devoted to the subject of temperance. The second day's programme produced the most interesting papers, and slightly stirred the emotions of all concerned. "The Training of Teachers for Technical Classes" was capitally dealt with by Mrs. Walter Ward, who asserted that, train as you will, you cannot produce the inspired and inspiring teacher, but that if she can be captured she is worth her weight in gold. Education here arose, and demanded what was to be done with the cook who had an inspiration, but who could not be taught to spell even so simple and frequently occurring a word in her work as "yolk of an egg." The uninspired educationalist was not altogether satisfied at being informed that spelling was unimportant if the technical cook knew how to mix and use the "yoke of an hegg"; but the Conference sat Education on the dunce's stool, and continued its discussion. We draw a veil over "The Work of Women in Connexion with County Councils," only remarking that Mr. Gladstone certainly had his eye on the Conference of strenuous women when he wrote to his correspondent on the position of women on the Parish Councils Bill. "Conditions of Life in Houses of Business" concluded the work of the day. The spirit of practical common sense and the knowledge of India which distinguished the papers read on "Women's Work in India," and in particular that read by Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., on "The Supply of Medical Aid to the Women in India," were beyond praise, and every one in the Hall must have had their ideas enlarged, and their sympathies quickened, as they heard of what has already been achieved by women, and what yet remains to be done in this large sphere, in which they have a fair field and every favour.

It is needless to say that at times the Conference had to suffer a fool, if not gladly, with a sad patience. Those who knew their subject and how it should be treated had to listen to instructions from the ignorant, and the sentimentalist waged war on the practical woman. But the Conference was not worse off in these respects than any other such assemblage, from the House of Commons upward. These things must be, where the fools speak easily and quickly, and the wise think before they speak. Conferences of workers such as these can do nothing but good, and the sternest repressor of "the sect" can have no desire to prevent their meeting in council concerning their professions and their handiworks.

LIFE INSURANCE NOVELTIES.

FROM time to time we have noticed in this journal schemes put forward by the Life Insurance Companies to meet the demands for more liberal treatment and more adequate adaptation to new requirements on the part of the public. Sometimes we have highly approved of these schemes, sometimes we have found fault with them. We have always, however, warned our readers that we have considered the schemes apart altogether from the merits or demerits of the Companies putting them forward; we have taken the schemes, that is to say, upon their own merits alone. It does not follow, for example, because we approve of a scheme that therefore we recommend intending assurers to select the particular office which has worked it out for insuring in. On the other hand, it follows just as little that, because we do not approve of a scheme, therefore we would warn our readers against the office that has drawn it up. We leave to intending assurers to

make their own inquiries respecting the offices they select. That is a matter which nobody can do for them, and which they are bound, by every consideration towards themselves and towards their families, to discharge with caution and judgment. In what we say, then, we are neither reflecting upon nor commending particular offices. With this preface we pass at once to consider two schemes resembling one another in certain essential particulars offered to their supporters lately by the Mutual Life Assurance Society and the Standard Life Assurance Company. To begin with the former of these, the directors of the Mutual Life Assurance Society consider their scheme one especially suitable for inclusion in a Settlement, and they describe it as follows:—"It provides, immediately on proof of the death of the life assured, and for ten or twenty years afterwards, an investment yielding a guaranteed return of 5 per cent. per annum on the sum assured, without expense, without trouble, and without risk to the Trustees." This sounds very attractive, and the reader will naturally desire a little more explanation concerning it. To make it perfectly plain, then, we take one example given by the Office in the scheme itself. A man, aged thirty next birthday, takes out a policy for 2,000*l.* at an annual premium of 50*l.* 5*s.* On his death the Society can be called upon either (1) to pay his representatives 2,440*l.*; or (2) to pay them 100*l.* per annum—that is, 5 per cent. on 2,000*l.*—for twenty years, and at the end of that period to pay them 2,000*l.* At any time during the twenty years the policy can be surrendered for a sum larger than the sum assured. The reader who has followed this example carefully will be able to understand how it is that the Company offers to pay 5 per cent. per annum. At first sight one asks with surprise—Is it possible that the Mutual invests its funds so well that it can actually undertake to pay 5 per cent. per annum for twenty years to those who insure with it? And the surprise is not lessened when we turn to the Government Blue Book, and find that the average yield on the investments of the Society is decidedly under 5 per cent. But the reader who has followed carefully the example just given will see that, in fact, the Office does not pay 5 per cent. upon the full policy.

For instance, if the reader will turn to the example, he will see that, if a man at thirty insures his life for 2,000*l.*, his representatives can, upon his death, demand to be paid 2,440*l.*; that, therefore, is the real value of the policy. That is the sum which the Society has at its disposal to invest, and out of the proceeds of the investment it pays the 100*l.* a year. But a very simple calculation will show any reader that 100*l.* a year upon 2,440*l.* is very much less than 5 per cent.—is, in fact, only about 4 per cent. Further, if the reader will now turn again to the example just given, and read to the end, he will see that, if he at thirty insures his life for 2,000*l.*, his representatives can, upon his death, demand to be paid 2,440*l.*, but that if they prefer to leave the money with the Society, it will pay them for twenty years 100*l.* a year, and at the end of that time will hand over to them not the 2,440*l.*, which is the real value of the policy, but the 2,000*l.* originally agreed upon. The matter stands thus, then:—If the representatives choose to demand payment of 2,440*l.* on the death of the person assured, they can have that sum and invest it according to their own judgment. But if they prefer 100*l.* a year for twenty years, they get 440*l.* less at the end of the time. Consequently they not only accept 4 per cent. upon the full policy for twenty years, but they accept at the end of the time 2,000*l.* instead of the 2,440*l.* they might originally have had; and if any one will take the trouble to calculate the depreciation of capital, he will see that the real annuity paid by the Society is little more than 3 per cent. It seems to us, therefore, that the scheme is not one deserving of wide popularity; and we may add that, in our opinion, where an assurant does adopt the scheme, his representatives will be well advised if they demand the full policy immediately upon his death, and do the best they can in investing that full policy for the benefit of his family. We venture to think, moreover, that the scheme itself is not properly described by the Society. It is quite true the Society in the little pamphlet before us professes only to assure 2,000*l.* in the example given, and it is also true that it states expressly that 2,440*l.* can be had on the death of the person assured. It, therefore, gives information sufficient to enable competent persons to understand the matter clearly. But it puts the scheme in such a way as may mislead the unwary. The policy is really worth

2,440*l.* in the example we have quoted, and that ought to be brought out more prominently in the scheme itself.

What the Standard Life Assurance Company calls "Family Trust Investment Policies," a new scheme lately brought out by it, appears to us to be better deserving of approval. It is based on somewhat similar grounds. A man aged thirty next birthday takes out a policy with the Company for 1,000*l.*, the annual premium for which will be 21*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* The Company, if the man desires it, undertakes to pay to his widow as long as she survives an annuity at a guaranteed minimum rate of 3½ per cent., or in the case before us 3*l.* per annum. If the man insuring desires to secure 40*l.* a year for his wife, being an annuity at the rate of 4 per cent., then an addition to the annual premium of 1*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* will secure that. If he desires the annuity to be at the rate of 5 per cent., securing for the widow 50*l.* per annum, the addition to the premium will be 3*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and so on. In this case, it will be observed, the full policy is 1,000*l.* The representatives of the person assured can either have the 1,000*l.* on the death of the assurant, or they can leave it with the Company and have for the widow or the members of the family an annuity at the rate of 3½ per cent. So far all is perfectly clear and perfectly straightforward. The interest is paid upon the full policy at the rate which the Company can afford to pay; for the Government Blue-book shows that the average return upon the investments of the Company is much more than 3½ per cent. Consequently the Company benefits; and it may be desirable in very many cases for a person insuring his life to arrange that his widow or very young children should be secured an income at the rate of 3½ per cent. But when we pass on from that to consider what may be called the riders to the scheme—that is, the arrangements by which higher rates of interest are to be paid—4, 5, and even 6 per cent.—the question becomes more doubtful. Three and a half per cent., as already observed, the Company can pay, and even make a profit out of the transaction. But it can only pay 5 per cent. by getting such a premium as will make the policy far higher than is professed—that is, far higher than the 1,000*l.* in the example before us. In fact, when the Company undertakes to pay 5 or 6 per cent., and so on, it is doing precisely what the Mutual Society proposes to do in the case we have criticized above. It is contracting with certain persons to pay them a higher rate of interest than it really intends to pay. What, in plain language, it does is: it contracts to receive such a premium from the person insuring as will yield a policy much higher than that upon which the Company, in the ultimate result, will pay the interest. The transaction, no doubt, would be beneficial to the Company, as it would be under the Mutual scheme; but, in our opinion, it would not be beneficial to the assurant. If he can afford to pay the additional premium, it would be much better for him to insure his life for a larger sum, and trust to his representatives investing it wisely after his death. At all events, the person insuring should understand that where these high interests are promised, the Company is really paying the interest upon a much larger policy than is set out in the deed. If the intending assurant understands that, and still thinks that, owing to special circumstances, the arrangement would suit him and his family, there is nothing more to be said.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

MR. WILFRID BALL, at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries, Old Bond Street, shows the results of a sketching journey in Egypt and Constantinople. Mr. Ball has worked very little in the interest of the antiquarian or the architect. Indeed, in an intimate sense, he scarcely seems to delight in form, and he generally avoids subjects which demand the careful treatment of near-hand objects, such as the figure, animals, and architecture. When a figure-painter's view of things has been imposed on him, his art is least successful. However, his command of landscape form is good enough for his purpose. He presents an unfamiliar scene with a certain air of conviction, which assures you that, if you went to the Nile or the Golden Horn on his recommendation, you would not risk a disappointment. One guesses his drawing to be precise and trustworthy in the lines of hills, the structure of landscape, and the proportions and masses of buildings, boats, or tents in the middle distance.

His lively colour expresses the local hue, but not to the stupid extreme that convulses unity and destroys atmospheric effect. Great men, of course, sublime the real, readily pushing forward from what the truth suggests to a grander generalization, a more potent, more consistently decorative *ensemble*. Thus the poets of landscape as well as the ennoblers of the human face excite the imaginative feelings of many generations, but often betray meanwhile the common present expectation of resemblance. Mr. Ball, to class him properly, bears no even distant cousinship to this race. His work is really interesting, instructive, and far from mean technically, but yet neither noble nor emotional. The Constantinople sketches please most; they are done with a more evident gusto; and it will be allowed that appreciation of the actual place is a necessary ingredient of well-flavoured realism. The method used is water-colour, neither wholly pure nor wholly *gouache*. The mixture of white in this proportion requires some taste and skill to make it palatable, but Mr. Wilfrid Ball is quite competent to the task. The exhibition presents, viewed as a whole, a strong, honest, and cheery aspect, while most of the sketches bear further examination. We may add that this is a more robust and serious performance than the exhibition of Mr. Ball's work in this same Gallery some years ago.

Mr. Dunthorne has hung his Gallery, in Vigo Street, with a small collection of etchings by Mr. Charles J. Watson and Colonel R. Goff. They make altogether a pleasing little show, for you may see in many of them a good deal of natural taste and personal feeling. In Mr. Watson's work you may note the change from an ideal of laboured mechanical engraving, that barely deserves the name of etching, to a freer view of the art which at times shows the character of pen-drawing, and now and then the style of stricter etching. London Bridge (36) illustrates his early manner, with its stupid definition of lines in the light, its consequently useless shadows, its generally hard and unintelligent execution. Between this dull, even manipulation and the picturesque freedom of "Lincoln Cathedral" there is a notable difference. We cannot, however, wholly praise Lincoln as an etching. It is spotted with picturesque blotchiness below, and tightened above, in the Cathedral towers, with a rather indiscriminate niggling. There is a pretence of thoroughness in the upper part, which none the less fails to show anything important distinctly; and it would puzzle any one not otherwise informed to find out the relative sizes, distances, and places of the church towers. Yet there is a world of information in all these markings of detail, which, as it cannot be referred to scale or effect, becomes importunate and troublesome. Much better is the simple, pleasantly composed view of "Campden, Gloucestershire," though the lines lack the decision of etching. We also admired "Ponte del Cavallo, Venice," "Greenwich," and one or two others. Colonel Goff shows considerable taste both when he does things, like "Sussex Fields" and "A Summer Storm in the Itchen Valley," almost entirely from personal feeling, or when he takes up some well-known manner of treating a subject, as, for instance, "Sunset, Brighton," or "Cannon Street Station"—a weak plate, either too much or too little worked.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

WHEN a brilliant American actor played Bob Acres, a critic, in reference to his performance, quoted the refrain of the well-known war song, "And Sheridan thirty miles away." This in politer language has, perhaps, to our thinking, been unduly applied to the version of *The School for Scandal* lately produced at Daly's Theatre. There is more to be said for the simile used by a well-known and distinguished critic, who compared the general effect of the performance to that of champagne decanted to flatness. And this must needs be the case when all the "devil" is taken out of Sheridan's most striking scenes. It was surely an error of judgment on Mr. Daly's part to present to a London audience the emasculated version of a great play which may have been necessary for the more exquisite taste which prevails over the water. Indeed one cannot but remember, in connexion with this unhappy innovation, what Bacon said about the reading of good books. "Flat and dead" indeed is the result of Bowdlerizing Sheridan.

This much said, let us consider the acting. From Miss

Rehan we all expected a very fine performance, and expectation in that sense was not disappointed. It was a fine performance; but Miss Rehan, in the evident desire to emphasize the country-girl side of Lady Teazle's character, somewhat overshot the mark. That is, in trying to show the hoyden breaking through the well-assumed mask of conventional town-breeding, she was too kittenish. And no one has ever yet seen a self-conscious kitten. This is the cardinal fault of Miss Rehan's reading of the character. Lady Teazle is only possible when she is delightfully unconscious. For the rest there are few actresses in Europe who possess the singular charm with which Miss Rehan invests any character she undertakes, and certainly not many who could play the Screen scene with the delicate mingling of comedy and tragedy which she gave to it. One mistake, which may now have been corrected, she made in the first performance of the piece. There is an unusual chance in this scene for an actress who will let the audience see in her facial expression the whirlwind of conflicting emotions which, especially with such a Sir Peter as Mr. Farren, who gives the right note of pathos to his part in the scene, should go near to drawing tears. Miss Rehan avoided this by playing that part of the scene with her back to the audience. In real life Lady Teazle might have done this, and very likely would have done this. But it cannot be said too often that real life is a very different thing from the artistic representation of life, whether on canvas or on the stage. Miss Rehan's Lady Teazle is charming, with all its faults, as we expected it to be.

Mr. Farren's Sir Peter is *hors concours*, and it must be frankly admitted that his fine and polished thought and style handicap some of the actors with whom he is associated. He is at once courtly and real, and his impersonation of a part with which, in Sheridan's un-Americanized play, he is familiar, should serve as a lesson in art to very many younger actors.

His performance and Miss Rehan's were almost a foregone conclusion. The surprise of the evening was found in Mr. Arthur Bouchier's brilliant and joyous rendering of Charles Surface. The note of kindly-hearted gaiety was struck at the beginning, and unfailingly kept throughout the part; and Mr. Bouchier's exit in the Screen scene gave a strange and charming freshness to a time-worn piece of business. It is not generally known how difficult it is to leave the stage in an important scene with, and on, a laugh. Mr. Bouchier does it to perfection. Some critics have accused him of being too "modern." Who, except Mr. Walter Besant's Ten-years' Tenant, can speak with authority on this? M. Febvre played Don Salluste with his hands in his pockets, and played it convincingly and splendidly. Mr. Bouchier plays Charles, not with his hands in his pockets, but as one born to the costume he wears; and he is convincing and most delightfully gay.

It is unlucky that Mr. George Clark, an actor with great command of expression and gesture, plays very conscientiously a part of which Sheridan never dreamed. Mrs. Gilbert's combined dignity and humour went far to make up for the foolish excisions in the Scandal scene.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE is much disappointment amongst members of the Stock Exchange and their leading clients because the repeal of the Sherman Act has not led to speculation—that, upon the contrary, there is stagnation all over the world. The readers of this journal ought not to share in the disappointment, for they have been prepared to expect what has happened. All experience tells us that a great crisis, such as the United States passed through a few months ago, is followed by a period of exhaustion and liquidation, and that only gradually does recovery set in. Speculation in the United States at the present time, then, would be unnatural, and certainly would be unfortunate. At home the discredit into which the Trusts have fallen, the long-continued Coal Strike, the injury it has inflicted on all branches of trade, the sufferings of the poor, sufficiently account for the inactivity of the stock markets. Abroad it is not surprising that the enthusiasm with which the Russian fleet was welcomed by France should have caused a pause. It is not our business here to comment upon political events, and, therefore, we shall

not inquire how much meaning is to be attached to the visit of the Russian fleet. But there is no question at all that the incident has left behind it a very uncomfortable feeling amongst the financial magnates of the Continent. Then, again, Spain has been suffering from financial difficulties for years, and now her troubles have been increased by the war in Morocco, the explosion at Santander, and by Anarchist outrages. In Italy the crisis has not yet come to an end. There are hopes, indeed, of an early change of Ministry, with the formation of a Cabinet that will introduce a wiser policy than has been pursued for some time past; but still the fact remains that the crisis is growing deeper and deeper every day. There is also the prospect of a better state of things in Greece. At all events, M. Tricoupis has once more consented to take office, and if any man can restore order in the finances of the country it undoubtedly is he. But his return to office merely encourages the hope of a better state of things by-and-by; for the time being nothing could look much worse than the finances of Greece. In Austria-Hungary there has been a wild speculation, and the time has now come for the inevitable liquidation. Germany has been hit hard by the fall in American railroad securities, by the depreciation of silver, by the crisis in Italy, and the breakdown of speculation in Austria-Hungary. Even the French Bourses, which have hitherto appeared so confident, have recently given evidence of weakness. There have been failures here and there, and there has been a sharp fall in prices. Over and above all these adverse influences are the consequences of the bad harvest all over Europe. The summer, as everybody will recollect, was unusually dry and hot, and the crops for the most part have been deficient; yet prices are exceptionally low. Even where in exceptional cases the harvest has been good, the farmers are unable to sell at prices that will pay them. Thus, the agricultural classes are suffering in two ways at the present time. Over the greater part of Europe the crops are bad, and the prices are so low that, generally speaking, they are unremunerative. In the last place, the closing of the Indian mints and the repeal of the Sherman Act have created an entirely new state of things, so that nobody knows exactly what to expect or how to calculate. For one thing, silver has practically ceased now to be a standard of value in any civilized country. Gold alone, therefore, must fulfil the functions of money, and the struggle for gold is likely in consequence to grow keener. In the City, naturally, people are anxious. Every withdrawal from the Bank of England leads them to expect a rise in rates, and to doubt whether they may be able to get the accommodation from their bankers to which they are accustomed. The second cause of uneasiness is the condition of the silver-using countries, and of all firms and institutions either trading with or in those countries. The fall in silver since the repeal of the Sherman Act has been very much less than the world generally anticipated; but that a heavy fall is only postponed is undoubtedly the prevalent opinion in the commercial world. That being so, every one is careful not to incur any new risks lest something may happen for which he is quite unprepared. The probability would seem to be, then, that the present stagnation will continue for some time longer. The termination of the Coal Strike will, of course, put an end to one of the difficulties here at home; but even that will not cause much activity until the Trust crisis comes to an end. When that happens it will be possible to see a little more clearly in regard to the silver-using countries, and it may be hoped that early in the new year a better condition of things will prevail.

Although the withdrawals of gold for the Continent and Egypt continue, the rate of discount in the open market remains very low at about 2½ per cent. It is believed now that no demand for the United States will spring up for the remainder of the year, at all events, and at home there are few bills and little borrowing. Even the Stock Exchange Settlement, which began on Wednesday morning, hardly affected rates. Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all the money they wanted at an average of about 2½ per cent. The retirement of the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, announced last week, has given rise to much unwarrantable chatter in the City during the week. There is no doubt, of course, that the management of the Bank has been far from satisfactory for some time past, and it has engaged in business that was not suited to the greatest bank of the country; but that does not justify

the kind of talk which has been going on for some days past. There is more reason for the uneasiness felt with regard to the Trusts. It is expected that a call will almost immediately be made upon the shareholders of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation. The shares are of the nominal value of 10*l.*, 3*l.* being paid up, and the report is that the call will be for 5*l.* per share. There have been likewise rumours respecting financial houses; but the firms in question, we believe, have no outstanding engagements. They have had a large lock-up ever since the Baring crisis; but that is a different thing from saying that they are in difficulties. Another rumour has been that a large house engaged in the Eastern trade is embarrassed. We are afraid there is more ground for this. Yet all the rumours, as already said, have had little influence upon the value of money.

The India Council has at last succeeded in selling some of its drafts. It disposed of a very small amount by special contract on Tuesday. On Wednesday it offered for tender, as usual, 40 lakhs of rupees, but it sold somewhat less than a lakh and a quarter. Subsequently a very small amount was disposed of by private contract. There are good grounds for hoping, however, that the demand for its bills will now become large, and that for the next six months, at all events, it will be able to sell freely. The silver market is slowly giving way, and the price is now 32*½**d.* per oz.

As is natural, with revived distrust and alarmist rumours circulating, the stock markets are very stagnant, and are likely to continue so for some time longer. The intervention of the Government gives hope that the Coal Strike will at last be settled. Even so, it is inevitable that the coming railway dividends must be exceedingly unsatisfactory—worse, in fact, than have been declared for many a year; and it will be some time likewise before general trade recovers from the blow it has received. But, as soon as the strike is over, we may hope for a beginning of a better state of things. It is certain that the stocks of all kinds of commodities held are very low, and it is reasonable to expect that they will be replenished; it is certain that there must be a replenishment of coal stocks. When trade begins to improve, there will be a gradual revival of confidence. The Trust crisis has now very nearly reached its acutest stage, and we may confidently expect that it will not be long until it is brought to an end. As soon as it is over, the ground will have been cleared for a recovery. In the United States, too, the liquidation of bad business is going on. It will last for some time longer—perhaps for several months; but all the time savings are being made upon a large scale, gradually distrust will disappear, and enterprise will once more begin. Of course it is to be recollected that prices are very low, and that, therefore, there is not an encouragement for large exports; that, moreover, the railway Companies have to borrow large sums to fund their floating debts, and that the earnings of the railways are very small, owing to the check to business of every kind caused by the crisis. In Brazil there is as yet no sign of an end to the civil war; but the best opinion is that decisive action is approaching; that, in fact, Admiral de Mello must be defeated, unless the country declares for a restoration of the Empire very quickly. There are hopes that the Argentine Congress will without delay now confirm the arrangement of the Government with the Rothschild Committee. As soon as that is done, negotiations will begin for commuting the guarantees given to the railway Companies. Meantime all the reports from Argentina go to show that the economic condition of the country is very decidedly improving. On the Continent there is a somewhat better feeling than there was last week. Partly this is due to the combination of great bankers to support the market, partly to the return of M. Tricoups to office in Greece, and partly to the belief that there will be almost immediately a change of Ministry in Italy, and then the new Ministry will undertake rigorous retrenchment.

Owing to the distrust, the soundest securities continue to rise. Consols closed on Thursday at 98*½*, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{16}$; Indian Sterling Threes closed at 99*½*, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; Cape of Good Hope Three and a Halves closed at 101*½*, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; Victoria Three and a Halves closed at 91*½*, a rise of 2; and Queensland Three and a Halves closed at 91*½*, also a rise of 2. But Bank of England stock closed at 325-8, a fall of 4. There

has likewise been a rise in Home Railway ordinary stocks, as the prospect of a settlement of the strike brightened. North-Western closed on Thursday at 164*½*, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western closed at 152*½*, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; London and Brighton Undivided closed at 165, a rise of 1; Metropolitan District closed at 26*½*, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and Metropolitan Consolidated closed at 84*½*, a rise of as much as 2*½*. In the case of the two metropolitan railways, the movement is chiefly owing to the expected combination of the railway Companies. In the American market, on the other hand, there is a general fall, Reading securities being the chief exception. Milwaukee shares closed on Thursday at 65*½*, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2*½*; Illinois Central closed at 94*½*, a fall of 2; Lake Shore closed at 131*½*, a fall of 1; and New York Central closed at 104*½*, a fall of 2. In the foreign market prices are generally higher. Argentine Fives closed on Thursday at 64*½*, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; and the Funding Loan closed at 69*½*, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Greeks of 1881 closed at 38, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Italian closed at 79*½*, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Spanish closed at 60*½*, also a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$.

THE THEATRES.

THE experiment of the Shakspeare Reading Society in putting on *Measure for Measure* at the Royalty, "on a stage after the sixteenth-century model," would have been of vastly greater interest had the promoters of the entertainment not omitted the most vital element of dramatic representation of the times of Queen Elizabeth and long after. The interpretation of the parts of women by women, although the acting of the Isabella compared favourably with other performances, went far to neutralize the effect produced by the careful copying of the patterns of the period in the matter of scenery, and of the practice of crowding the stage with spectators, one of whom carried his realism to the pitch of smoking a long wooden pipe during the representation. Probably the Society meant to do no more than give a certain air of life and reality to the model of the stage, and had no intention of presenting a serious illustration of the acting of that or any other day. At all events, the acting was very much to seek, and instead of it we had an intelligent, but monotonous and lifeless, recitation of the parts. No names of artists are mentioned on the programme, and we propose to respect this modest reticence, though it was easy to recognize more than one amateur of distinction among the company. Except as a matter of consistency, though that is an affair of no slight importance in what purports to be a faithful reflection of the methods of another age, we cannot grumble at the presence of ladies' parts. There was a certain robust heartiness about the Duke, who, as the play wore on, dropped into the rhythm of the verse and declaimed it by no means ill, and there were points of decided merit about the Escalus. Angelo's wooden monotone, and the slovenly manner in which he rattled off his lines, was the less excusable since it affected most prejudicially the clever and appreciative rendering of Isabella. The very worthy financial object of the enterprise was to augment the "Samuel Brandram Fund."

If ever a certain theory of puppets received absolute refutation, it is to be found in the revival of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* at the St. James's Theatre, or, rather, in the change of spirit apparent in the representation here after a prolonged provincial tour. That Mr. Pinero's latest effort is a great play could not be seriously maintained for a moment, though at the time of its production there were those who desecrated it in the relentless march of Fate which inspired the writers of Greek tragedy, but we are convinced, upon the present evidence of our own unwilling senses, that the very vivid rendering by Mrs. Patrick Campbell of the principal part blinded observers to the demerits of the play, as a play, and not as a mere background for character-drawing and expression, and even induced the momentary belief that the work possessed form and vitality. No doubt can now reasonably exist that, once the informing spirit of Paula Ray has evaporated, or is subdued below the fever heat in which the part was originally acted, the essence of the play is gone, and nothing remains but a dull, depressing, and an extremely unpleasant and unnecessary story. The present representation is as highly instructive as it is melancholy. The great virtue of Mrs. Campbell's

initial presentation of the part was that it supplied a clue to that history of Paula's downfall which the author had, no doubt designedly, refrained from giving. The nervous irritability, the sudden and capricious changes of temper, the entire absence of any conception of the meaning of self-control, and the very genius of self-torture were a truer index to the causes of her shameful lapses from virtue than could have been given in any flippant statement of facts, either at a club smoking-room or, with the astounding taste which permeates the dialogue of the first act, at the table of the man she was about to marry. Had there been any question of real tragedy about the matter, the mere possession of such a disposition could easily have been made to work it out, instead of recourse being had to the purely artificial and unsatisfactory device of the Ardale incident. The harsh, discordant laugh is nearly all that is left to us in illustration of this original spirit. If this change has been made with a view to achieving any refinement in the interpretation, it not only fails in its effect, but leaves the other characters, notably Tanqueray, in bare and unashamed dullness. If Mr. Alexander had wished to show us how poor a creature Tanqueray is, and how unfit for the task he has undertaken, he could not have done better. In such company Paula would not have awaited the return of Ardale to kill herself; she would have hastened to escape a more lingering and painful death by boredom. At the end we know precisely as much about Aubrey as we do at the beginning. He is just Mr. Tanqueray, with no profession or vocation, no tastes or methods of amusement from which character might be inferred, and he has not even a redeeming vice. It is pleasanter to turn to other parts. Miss Granville's Mrs. Cortelyon is an excellent rendering of a character which the author has sought to make incredibly unlady-like. Miss Granville has shown a fine discretion in subduing the offensive points in the rôle; she speaks well and with dignity, and leaves us with the impression that the manners of Mrs. Cortelyon are such as not to render her unfit to hold the position in society which the author has assigned to her. Mr. H. V. Esmond, who follows Mr. Cyril Maude as Cayley Drummle, must be congratulated on a bright, incisive, and alert interpretation of the fussy, kindly man of the world. In work of this sort Mr. Esmond has a future before him.

Messrs. "Thornton Clark" and Louis N. Parker have vastly improved in many ways since they gave us *David* at the Garrick. *Gudgeons*, a modern comedy in three acts, is really a comedy, and a good one. The story of James Ffolliott Treherne, needy adventurer, with his endeavours to get hold of the petroleum millionaire's fifty thousand pounds, and the neat little love episodes with which it is combined, quite suffices for the capital character development of the play; and we are, therefore, by no means inclined to quarrel with some rather stiff improbabilities, though we should have preferred their room to their company. Treherne himself, though he is distantly related to the Lammle family, is a boldly-drawn character of a modern type, and is quite as original as need be. Even if he had not been, we should have been thankful to the authors, if only for the strong and thoroughly serious rendering of him given by Mr. Herbert Waring, who emphasizes with equal skill and judgment the almost pathetic as well as the humorous side of this mean product of modern civilization. The weakly submitting, always melancholy, wife, with her sad cry of half-fear and half-admiration, "Oh! what a wonderful man you are!" is drawn with equal deftness and truth of touch, and is no less finely played by Miss Janette Steer in one of the cleverest performances in which we have seen her, and one which testifies to the value of her hard work in the provinces. Mr. Murray Carson gives a highly-diverting picture of a brisk, smart American man of business with admirable humour and restraint. Mr. W. T. Lovell puts frank, manly character into a capable rendering of a young lover, and Miss Sybil Carlisle imparts the charms of grace and refinement to the rôle of the prettily coquettish young American heiress, whom we like none the less because her accent is slightly intermittent and uneven in quality. Another sound and sympathetic piece of work is the petroleum millionaire of Mr. Charles Fulton. The entire representation, in fact, is highly satisfactory. That rarest of things—bright, crisp, direct dialogue—is used throughout, and the little love passages are charmingly simple, unaffected, and true.

The revival of Offenbach's delightful *Madame Favart*, which took place with considerable success at the Criterion

Theatre last Thursday week, is a welcome sign that the public has not lost all taste for one of the cleverest and most exhilarating composers of light music. Though the present cast will not compare with the one which drew all London to the Strand Theatre thirteen years ago, it has the inestimable advantage of including the name of Miss Florence St. John, who, to playgoers of the present generation at least, will always be the only possible representative of the heroine. Madame Favart was the part in which she won renown, and it is still better than anything she has done since. Thanks to an excellent vocal method, her voice retains its old charm and freshness; while her acting—in spite of what is, occasionally, indifferent support from the other members of the company—has gained in force without ever degenerating into vulgarity. Her whole performance is one which, in its particular style, is unapproached by any artist now on the English stage. As Favart Mr. Wallace Brownlow sings well, but acts rather ponderously; and as the Marquis de Pont Sable Mr. D. S. James gives a dry histrionic reading of the part, and reduces the music to a minimum. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is rather wanting in distinction as Suzanne, and should overcome an irritating abuse of the *tremolo* in her singing. The Hectór de Boispreau of Mr. Charles Conyers is better vocally than dramatically.

A REMINDER OF ÆSOP.

"We have opposed and defeated amendments that would have made the Employers' Liability Bill a permissive measure, and taken away half the value of that Bill to the working classes of this country."—*The Postmaster-General on Colston's Day.*

"WE have rescued the Bill," Arn-ld M-rl-y exclaims,
"Which those treacherous Tories attacked
Under hollow pretence that they speak in the names
Of the men we forbid to contract.

"We have rescued the Bill from their mischievous hands,
And their vicious attempt to provide
That the future of those whom the Union commands
Should be left to themselves to decide.

"What! employers and workmen 'contract themselves
out'!

What! masters agree with their men!
Why, what would our B-rnses and M-nns be about?
How 'run' the new Unions then?

"Yes, to make it 'permissive' (detestable word!)
Was the game that the Tories were at;
But the measure we've passed isn't quite so absurd—
We've at any rate saved it from that.

"We have kept it compulsory, baffling our foes;
And (this fact our acumen denotes)
We have carefully left the compulsion to those
Who can help us the most by their votes."

It is true, Mr. M-rl-y, the tale you recite,
How that, thanks to your tactical skill,
Many thousands of men have been robbed of the right
To contract themselves out of your Bill.

'Tis a triumph, I know. Yet suppose that "that Lord"
Whom you fear to such mortal degree,
Just suppose that Lord S-l-sb--y's as good as his word,
And insists that the workman be free.

Ay, suppose he inserts that enfranchising clause
Which appeared so distasteful to you;
Were it not, worthy Ministers, wiser to pause,
And to ask yourselves what you will do?

Will you stand to your guns? will you stick to your post?
And, allowing this measure to drop,
Contentedly witness the moiety lost
Of your beggarly Sessional crop?

Or, despite all your talk so portentously tall,
Will you choose to retire from the fray,
To climb down, to subside, to collapse, to sing small,
And, exiguous, scuttle away?

When, in fancy, I think of you forced to make use
Of the process you've tried to control,
And the swollen dimensions you'll have to reduce
Ere you get yourselves out of the hole—

Well, a fable of Æsop's recurs to my mind,
And your plight very happily mocks :
Every now and again I'm repeating, I find,
What the Weasel remarked to the Fox.

"If you wish, my good friend, to achieve your escape,
Now you've pouched the contents of the bin,
You will have to regain your original shape,
You will have to stay here and get thin."

"*Quem macra subisti—et cetera*" (you know
How 'tis rendered by Horace, no doubt).
"My advice to you, sir, which I freely bestow ;
Is to try to contract yourself out."

REVIEWS.

BAY LEAVES AND OTHERS.*

AN armchair, a *Corpus Poetarum* to refresh the memory as to some of the less familiar originals, and Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Bay Leaves*—this is a prescription, for the passing of a right pleasant hour or so, which *et probatum est et probandum*. With the brief and interesting preface which the author sets before his ninety pages of translations from all the more notable Latin poets except Virgil, Juvenal, and Persius, it might be possible, of course, to break some lances; it was never merry or good criticism with which it were not possible so to do. Thus, the opening sentence—"The translator of Latin poetry has the comfort of knowing that he is separated from his authors by no chasm of thought and sentiment such as that which separates the translator from Homer, or even from Æschylus"—is a curious instance of the difference of individual temperament. We should have thought the chasm between English and Latin thought far deeper, if less apparently wide, to-day than that between English and Greek, at least as far as Æschylus is concerned. But this, of course, is merely an instance of the essential and irreconcilable, for that very reason quite friendly, difference of "point of view." We do agree with Mr. Smith that the eighteenth-century Englishmen and the Augustan Latins might "call cousins"; but, then, we should say that between the eighteenth-century men and ourselves there is a greater gulf fixed than even between Greek and Latin. *Sed hec hactenus*. The characterizations of the authors chosen which follow are admirably terse and good. They at once "pose" us for appreciating the succeeding translations, and show that the translator was in the right pose himself.

These authors are Lucretius, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Horace, the tragedian Seneca, Lucan, Martial, and Claudian. In the better-known authors Mr. Smith has, of course, taken the usual pieces, which are specially interesting both in themselves and as an exercise. At the first blush we felt some doubt about his selection of the eight-lined stanza, *abababce*, for his Lucretian versions; and there is no doubt that the loss of the steady and equable roll of the Lucretian hexameter is a very serious one. But then there is no doubt, also, that no uniform line in English has the value of this; while the intertwined stanza does convey not a little of the grave volume of the original. Indeed, we do not know whether the Spenserian might not do even better than the *ottava*. This latter, however, succeeds excellently, both in the magnificent opening (where Mr. Goldwin Smith has evaded the difficulty into which Dryden fell by the simple expedient of translating *gremium*, not "breast," but "lap") and the finest passage of all—the immortal *Conviva satur* argument of the Third Book. This latter is so good, it has so

thoroughly given the melancholy music which Sackville first infused into English, that we must quote a good piece of it:—

So, at the festive board, as crowned with flowers
And cup in hand they sit, the revellers cry :
"Drink, comrades, drink; a fleeting span is ours,
Poor mortals that we are, of jollity;
Nor comes it back. Then seize the flying hours."
Fools that they are of a fond fantasy!
Can senseless clay for the lost banquet crave,
Or the lips miss the wine-cup in the grave?

So, when the soul is drowned in slumber deep
We feel no want, we reck not, hap what may,
We miss not our own selves, nor care of sleep
The bond to break, though it should last for aye;
Albeit our spirits then their mansion keep
And consciousness returns with dawn of day.
How then if sleep for nothing taketh thought
Shall death, that hath no wakening, care for aught?

What then if Nature find a voice and say
To senseless mortals who their end bewail,
"If thou hast drunk of joyance in thy day
Nor let thy goods, as through a leaky pail
Water runs off, slip unimproved away,
Weakling, give over thy unmanly wail :
Rise from the feast of life a sated guest ;
Thine hour has come, go, turn thee to thy rest !

"But if thy days have all been spent in vain
And life is now a burden, why to waste
Add waste? Why not have done with toil and pain?
Nought in my stores is left for thee to taste.
Though sense and limb should unimpaired remain,
Though the whole race of men thou could'st outlast,
Nought else have I to give. Nay, though thy frame
Could deathless be, still all things are the same—"

It will be seen that Mr. Smith does not aim at excessive closeness, but sticks to the older, and we are disposed to think the wiser, preference of equivalent over facsimile; also that he never (as the great poet whom we have named avowedly did) passes from equivalent to variation.

In passing from Lucretius to Catullus we pass from the difficult to the impossible; and, moreover, here only do we find a real blot in all Mr. Goldwin Smith's pages, the use of the incongruous word "*belle*"—

So knew the pretty bird my *belle*—

in the Sparrow piece. But *Phænelus ille* is good, and the first quatrain, at least, of the unconquerable *Vivamus mea Lesbia* is a success, even if that maiden stronghold dislodges Mr. Smith afterwards. With the three elegiac poets we come to our translator's essays in the heroic couplet and the quatrain—measures identified with that late seventeenth and eighteenth century English which is probably Mr. Goldwin Smith's favourite phase of our literature, and of which he reproduces the tone and stamp with astonishing success. We feel sure that Dryden, after his generous wont, would have been glad to bind up with his own work, and to pay magnificent compliments in his preface to, Mr. Smith's versions of the *Amores*.

In Horace we again enter more treacherous seas. Yet the opening attempt, though nothing less than *Quis multa gracilis*, is good; and the second, the scarcely less difficult *Leuconoe* piece, is so good that it must be quoted:—

Draw not that curtain, lady mine ;
Seek no diviner's art
To read my destiny or thine—
It is not wisdom's part.

Whether our years be many more,
Or our last winter this,
Which breaks the waves on yonder shore—
Our ignorance is bliss.

Then fill the wine-cup while you can,
And let us banish sorrow ;
Cut short thy hopes to suit thy span,
And never trust to-morrow.

But the rest are all good, too; and though *Tyrrhena Regum*, like *Quis multa gracilis*, has been done once for all in English, Mr. Goldwin Smith's version will make a fair show.

We are glad that the translator has given the fine passage from Seneca's *Thyestes*, *Regnum non facient opes*. After being at one time almost a dictator with us, Seneca, if Seneca he was, has sunk and sunk, in English estimation almost to nothing. Yet he was always well worth reading, especially in the choruses; and this is not the first sign we have noted of a possible resurrection for him. The Lucan passages interest us less (we have been going to like Lucan for thirty years, but have not had time); but

* *Bay Leaves*. By Goldwin Smith. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

Catullus with the Vigil of Venus. Edited by S. G. Owen. Illustrated by T. W. Weguelin. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.

Xenophon's Art of Horsemanship. By Morris H. Morgan. Boston (Mass.): Little, Brown, & Co. 1893.

The Tragedies of Sophocles. Translated by E. P. Coleridge. Bohn's Classical Library. London: George Bell & Sons. 1893.

The Works of Horace. Translated by the Rev. J. C. Elgood. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1893.

The Principal Works of St. Jerome. Translated by G. Lewis, W. G. Martley, and W. H. Fremantle. Oxford: Parker; New York: Christian Literature Company. 1893.

the score of selections from Martial are well chosen and well done, while the famous exordium of the *In Rufinum* fitly closes the book. It is comfortable to come across such a book; not so comfortable to think how few men under forty nowadays in England have produced, or are likely to produce, anything of the same flavour and quality. For this kind cometh not with philology, nor with the study of plaster casts, nor with chatter about the Hellenic and Latin minds. It cometh only with hard, long, accurate, and yet tasteful, reading of the literatures themselves; with careful practice of composition in the languages; with constant reference of modern letters to their standard. And we have changed all that.

The beautiful edition of Mr. Owen's *Catullus* (with the no doubt later, but congenial, and in any case exquisite *Pervigilium Veneris*), which Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen have published with Mr. Weguelin's illustrations, is uniform with Mr. Bullen's own *Anacreon*, and we had designed it as a companion to Mr. Goldwin Smith's delightful book, under the supposition that, like the *Anacreon*, it contained translation as well as text. As a matter of fact, it does not, and perhaps (as we have hinted above) wisely; but we need not part good company for that. It is by no means merely a toy edition from the point of view of the strictest scholarship, and Mr. Owen's notes contain various emendations and renderings, some of which exhibit great acuteness, and which are by no means superfluous in the case of a text so corrupt, and resting on such late and unauthoritative MSS. as the text of Catullus, even though they come after the attempts of a line of scholars, the chief of whom, Mr. Robinson Ellis, is fortunately still living. But the beauty of the book marks it out for more than merely scholarly perusal; and its matter could not have been better chosen for presentation of this kind. To praise Catullus is almost impertinent; no poet has caught up the sum of love and of despair, and uttered it quite as he has. If the *Pervigilium* is of a more mixed and literary character, if its charm is less (in the ancient sense) "sincere," it is almost subtler and more "it-by-itself." Mr. Weguelin's illustrations are, as usual, unequal. The frontispiece is smeary and unfinished; the pair in the illustration to that wonderful rendering of Sappho, which almost equals the original, are a trivial grinning couple, who never knew the rapture of the poem; and we are disappointed with the single plate to the *Vigil*. But the "Nereides admirantes" are quite Ettyishly good; the wandering Ariadne is an admirable composition; the Atys plate has no little merit; and in that to the *Passer* Mr. Weguelin has been almost entirely successful. Indeed, on the whole, we like this collection better than the drawings for the *Anacreon*.

Another very pretty book is Mr. Morris Morgan's version of Xenophon's charming little *Περὶ ἰππικῆς*, one of the best products of American scholarship we have recently seen in a kind which English scholars have, as a rule, left far too much untried. Mr. Morris has given a capital version of the little tractate itself; he has written a good essay on the Greek riding-horse; he has collected and translated divers notable passages from classical writers on the points of the animal; he has added good notes; and, above all, he has embellished the book with an almost unique set of illustrations, entirely from ancient sources. He says, with a modest pride which we believe to be well justified, that he does not believe any ancient author except Homer has had the benefit of such illustration to such an extent. Starting with the magnificent horse's head of the Uffizi for a frontispiece, he ransacks sculptures, and vases, and coins for apposite adornments, all strictly illustrating the text, and the total is one upon which we can very sincerely make him our compliment.

The remaining translations on our list approach nearer to the humble "crib" than those which we have already noticed, and present themselves with no tricks of illustration or frounces of print and paper. Mr. Edward Coleridge's Sophocles is a favourable example of the efforts of the publishers to reorganize and bring up to date the great collection of "Bohn"—whereof it may be said with frankness that it originally and eminently deserved the famous tag *sunt bona*, &c. The Sophocles was never one of the *bona*, and if it had been the recent appearance of Professor Campbell's and Professor Jebb's texts, but especially the latter, would have antiquated it. Mr. Coleridge has wisely taken Mr. Jebb as his chief guide, but without omitting to consult others; and his version, where we have tried it, is plain but good and not inelegant, while there are sufficient notes to explain the readings chosen.

We are unable to say much, or indeed any, good of Mr. Elgood's Horace, which appears from the preface, though not from the title-page, to be a revised edition. It is a simple "construe" in prose, not in the least more elegant, and sometimes much less strictly faithful ("my head will touch the stars" for the last line

of the first ode), than one would expect from a decently promising fourth-form boy.

If the well-printed and abundantly stored volumes of the *Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, edited by Dr. Wace and the late Dr. Schaff, are intended for the clergy, we can only regret the disuse of learning in that Order; but if for the laity, we can only rejoice in the fact that there is a sufficient lay public for them. The volume representing St. Jerome contains almost all the letters and all the miscellaneous works bearing on Church history and Church controversy. The work appears to have been actually performed by Messrs. Lewis and Martley, and revised by their sometime tutor, Mr. Fremantle. It is really good; and the translators are to be congratulated on having got so large a mass of matter into excellent current English with scarcely any awkward smack of the Latin.

NOVELS.*

THERE is something pleasing in the sensation of reading a new book and coming across an old friend in the shape of the plot. When we find Nell Creith, proud and penniless, weeping over the death of her father; refusing consolation and charitable relief from her unknown cousin Paul Romer, with whose family her father had quarrelled, and who, through a decision of the Court of Chancery, has inherited the property; then we know where we are, and immediately extend our blessing to the happy union of the two. And sure enough this satisfactory termination is brought about with timely assistance from a sky of "a deep pellucid blue," and a sun which, we are informed, shines alike on park or alley, banqueting hall or stifling garret. Evidently the author has obtained a receipt for novel-making, and has carried it out to the letter; but he has also a commendable knack for observing life, and reproducing it with photographic faithfulness. The book is written with care and a reverence for the art of construction.

When once a novelist gets hold of a millionaire there need be no limit to the wonders brought about. In the case of *Margaret Drummond*, however, the author is on her guard; she does not allow her head to be turned, and her heroine is as steady-going as herself. The afflictions attendant on wealth are frequently brought before us, and our sympathies appealed to on behalf of the unfortunate millionaire. But, nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel that this is only another confirmation of the truth of Dr. Johnson's saying, that many people had written books to prove that poverty was better than wealth, but none had been needed to convince the world that wealth was preferable to poverty. To those who—from its title—expect this book to provide them with amusement of the *Monte Cristo* kind, it will prove a disappointment; but it has merits of a different nature. It is mainly compiled of the strifes and petty warfares among the inhabitants of a remote village in Scotland, the property of Margaret Drummond. She sets herself the task of acting providence to all her dependents, with the help of a capable understanding, a generous nature, and unlimited funds. But her path is a thorny one, and her money seems more to impede than assist her ends. The minute account of the management and mismanagement of the estate does great credit to the author's ingenuity, and these accurate minor details would make an excellent beginning to the book; but they are hardly of sufficient interest to fill out a three-volume novel with but few more lively incidents to relieve them. Porridge is all very well for breakfast, but when it reappears for lunch, dinner, and supper too, we feel rather more than satiated by so stodgy a bill of fare. At first the book promises fair to be a novel without love, and, for the sake of the new departure, we would readily forgive the dullness. But when we learn, towards the end of the book, that Miss Drummond has caused one man to die for her sake, another to go mad and kill himself for love of her, and a third to ask her to be his wife, we grow indignant; for, if the old story is to be resorted to, after all, it would be better if the romantic element played a more lively part to relieve the tedium of village gossip, dishonest elders, &c. Almost all the dialogues are in Scotch dialect, which, though it, no doubt, adds greatly to the vividness of local colouring, does not assist the reader in wading through the duller passages.

Although Mr. Medland, Premier of the "New Lindsey" Parlia-

* *Paul Romer*. By C. T. Hargreaves. London: A. & C. Black. 1893.
Margaret Drummond, Millionaire. By Sophie Veitch. 3 vols. London: A. & C. Black. 1893.

Half a Hero. By Anthony Hope. 2 vols. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1893.

Awake! a Military Romance. By Cathal Maguire. 3 vols. London: Fisher Unwin. 1893.

Miss Stuart's Legacy. By Flora Annie Steel. 3 vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

ment, is only favoured with the appellation of *Half a Hero*, we are evidently expected to consider him more than that. He is a hero—because he is less corrupt than his colleagues, and refuses to purchase the silence of his enemies by bribes of place or money. He marries—in all but the legal sense, his wife's husband being still alive—the woman he loves, and their lives are united until her death. The last of his good actions is to prevent a charge of mounted police on a revolted mob of his own supporters by throwing himself in the breach. The charge is checked and the mob appeased; but he pays for it with his life. He is only *half* a hero, inasmuch as he induced the woman he loved to leave her husband against her will, although she neither loved nor revered him, and received almost brutal treatment at his hands. And, in spite of her devotion to Medland, she never ceased to regret this act. The book is an excellent picture of colonial life, with all the paraphernalia of the Governor, his family and household, the local Parliament, society, &c. It is different from, and superior to, the average novel, in so far as the emotional passages are not strained, the social descriptions not vulgar, and, since it is written by a man, all the heroism is not appropriated by the women. Several of the most striking characteristics of life in the colonies are brought to light without being thrust forward obtrusively—as, for instance, that Englishmen away from England grow more English than the English; also that new communities are interesting, and give scope for a nobility of sentiment and a heroism of action commonly thought out of date in the mother-country.

The main situation in *Amabel: a Military Romance*, is of a decidedly disagreeable nature, and the limit of the reader's endurance is continually being sounded by the most uncomfortable of all questions—What makes and maintains the barriers between the different grades of society? *Amabel* is born a lady, she spends her girlhood in close intimacy with a farmer's family; but, nevertheless, when she is married to a sergeant in a cavalry regiment she suffers acutely under the different social standard from her own of those with whom she has to associate. The unpleasantness of the situation is further intensified by the discovery that the captain of her husband's troop is her own brother. The book is not without cleverness of a certain kind, and displays a natural capacity for novel-writing. But the author seems principally concerned in arousing our sensations one way or another, and is reckless whether she does so by stirring our hearts or merely treading on our corns.

Miss Stuart's Legacy is a novel which deserves at once to be classed above the commonplace, if for no other reason but that the interest of it never palls, and that we need not reproach ourselves for enduring dulness while perusing any one chapter of its three volumes. We are never burdened with the sense of what an effort it must have been to write it, for it throbs with the vigour of real creative power. The central figure, Miss Stuart, out of whose character and disposition the novel is evolved, decidedly represents a type, and is not merely the photograph of an individual. The incidents of the story, though varied and exciting enough in themselves to keep our attention continually fascinated, have the additional interest that each one serves to work out the problem, and is an agent that exposes in a fresh light the characters connected with it. The story deals with life in India—military, civil, and native—and to our surprise and admiration we find that this ground, which one might have supposed monopolized by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, has been treated by Mrs. Steel with truth and originality altogether free from imitation. She has portrayed with admirable success the wide divergences of character between the different native races and the want of all sympathy, in spite of constant intercourse, between them and the English; also the new moods and characteristics developed in Anglo-Indians by the climate and conditions of life, and the local colouring is so managed as to be always present, yet never aggressive. The character of Miss Stuart is worked out with peculiar skill; as one door of experience after another is opened to her, she realizes that her actual development is quite different from what it is supposed to be. Her next move is to think that the originality of her sensations must be wicked; and, finally, she understands that they are not wrong, but merely unconventional. It is no small additional merit in the book that the legal and monetary facts are related with a conscientious clinging to possibility and probability not usual in the financial flights of most novelists; and this, needless to say, greatly enhances their effect as agents in the dramatic development of the narrative. The falseness of conventional sentiment and morality is frequently pointed out, and the moral of the book may be summed up in the closing sentence:—"The only intolerable tax is that which follows on the attempt to inherit opinions; for, when we have paid it, we have nothing in exchange save something that is neither real estate nor personal property."

UN CONGE AU QUEEN'S ROYAL SOUTH-SURREY RÉGIMENT.*

IN a series of fifteen letters a French boy, supposed to have been educated at Eton, describes to a friend in France his adventures during a short period of service with the colours, consequent on taking the Queen's "schilling." Recruited by a red-nosed sergeant in Trafalgar Square, somewhat unkindly designated a *racoleur*, or crimp, he is passed by the doctor, accepted for the service, and joins his regiment at Dover. Here he meets with another old Eton boy, one Lieutenant Finch (spelt indifferently Pinch and Linch), through whose instrumentality he, as a private soldier, obtains a glimpse of the officers' mess, and of their lives generally. After a short sojourn at Dover, the recruit, now promoted to lance-sergeant, is shipped off with a draft to India, is engaged in a little "affair" in which a rebellious village near Allahabad is brought to its senses, goes into cholera camp after the bursting of the monsoon, is struck down by fever, and is finally invalided home, and obtains his discharge from Netley Hospital.

In so rapid and eventful a career the scenes must necessarily change and succeed each other with the speed of those in a Drury Lane drama, and the sequence of incidents is unavoidably improbable. Story there is next to none; but the various adventures of the hero serve to string together every possible vicissitude foreseen by the Queen's Regulations. The book is, in fact, an abridged edition of that volume, of the Soldier's Pocket-ledge and of the Manual of Military Law rolled into one. The description of Tommy Atkins's life in barracks is curiously accurate; and the distortion, due to its being viewed through French spectacles, slight. Naturally, so well informed a foreigner readily detects weak points in our armour of administration; but the criticism throughout is kindly, and the comparisons drawn between our institutions and those of the French army are by no means in favour of the latter. Canteens, recreation rooms, coffee bars, all come in for a very hearty share of praise, though with a sly dig at our commercially co-operative instincts. Short and long service, territorial regiments, linked battalions, deferred pay, stoppages, free kits, rations, good-conduct medals and stripes, punishments, &c., are all discussed with considerable knowledge and skill; and it is difficult to understand how the *ancien officier d'artillerie* has managed to obtain so complete a grasp of the *vie intime* of our rank and file. Some of the book is, of course, Max O'Relish. On the eve of his embarkation for India, the smart lance-corporal is within an ace of being kept at home because he is a good cricketer, and cannot be well spared from the team. Then in the *escarmouche*—the skirmish in which the Indian village is reduced to submission—one man only is wounded, but the Colonel is made a Companion of the Star of India, Captain Hardbone (another Eton boy), who gallops on a pony in front of his men shouting "Floreat Etona!" obtains the Victoria Cross, Lieutenant Finch (who subsequently marries the regimental schoolmistress) is rewarded with a D.S.O., all the officers are promoted, and every man gets a war medal and clasp. The book is defaced throughout by the slovenly spelling of English words, but this seems inevitable in a French work. Taken altogether, it is an eminently readable little work, and it serves as a pendant to the ghastly *Sous-off*, in which barrack-room life in the French army is described with such brutal, and presumably truthful, candour.

GUN, ROD, AND SADDLE.†

THE possession of a natural turn for observation, either of the habits of domestic or wild animals is a rare quality among those who merely take up sport as a pleasure. A vast difference exists between such men and those who deserve the title of sportsmen. None have more claim to it than those who are in the actual possession of a natural turn for observation, and who make the habits of animals a pleasurable study. To produce the result of such studies in a manner worthy of publication in the form of a book is also not an accomplishment sportsmen seem to excel in. Traveller's tale only too often takes the place of unpretentious discussion, and it is to be regretted the same path has been followed through many of the chapters under notice. "A Bear Adventure" and "A Rencontre with a Bear" are both tales worth framing and glazing. In the more practical part of the work, such as a chapter devoted to "Hints on Shooting," an old-fashionedness prevails; after which, in a succeed-

* *Un Congé au Queen's Royal South-Surrey Régiment*. Par George Tricoche. Paris: Charles-Lavanzelle.

† *Gun, Rod, and Saddle*. By Parker Gillmore ("Ubique"). London: W. H. Allen & Co.

ing chapter, we are asked whether modern guns shoot thirty per cent. better than those produced fifty years ago. It is safe to affirm in reply that thirty per cent. more of the game shot at falls; and it can be stated, without fear of contradiction, that the delicate art of boring gun-barrels has made great advances towards increase of penetrating power, and consequently increase of shooting power. Previous to these latter advancements came almost an entire remodelling of the breech end, which much aided rapid loading and added much to the deadliness of the weapon. In again bringing to notice improvements in boring gun-barrels, the introduction of choking or concentrating the muzzle adds much to the killing powers of the second barrel, and consequently to successful right and left shots. Taking this together with the general extra handiness of modern guns over those of fifty years ago, it seems safe to assert that thirty per cent. better shooting is accounted for. If thirty per cent. more of the game shot at be added to bags of to-day, is it not mainly due to improvements in firearms, more especially if further evidence be produced as to the extra wildness of such game as partridges, &c.?

Hybrids, whether in rod or gun, says Mr. Parker Gillmore, are to be carefully avoided.

"I was once entrapped into using a hybrid gun in the township of Markham, Upper Canada. Going through some bush I flushed a quantity of woodcock. I stated the circumstance when I returned to the farmhouse where I was residing. As I had no gun with me the host offered me the use of his, which, from his description, was worthy of a duke, and therefore I accepted the offer. On production, it proved to be half shot-gun, half rifle—that is, the right barrel was smooth, the left rifled. This was my first experience of such a weapon, and most probably my last. The game was found, the cover was close, and snap-shooting necessary. It was of no use. The gun would not come up, or the game come down."

Such a weapon as described was never intended for woodcock shooting, and this an experienced sportsman should have known. A combined smooth and grooved bore gun is a useful weapon for shooting some of the smaller four-footed game, the smooth bore being loaded with buck-shot. The other hybrid instrument of sport—a combination fishing-rod mentioned on the same page—is also not entirely to be discarded; for does not a stiff top joint to a fly-rod answer a good purpose on occasions when natural bait has to be resorted to, such as grasshopper or caddis fly, used only in the clearest water, and requiring an immense amount of skill in manipulation? Such a rod need not necessarily be styled "an article for capturing trout that no true fisherman ought to be proud of," nor does a fisherman deserve to be arrested for owning it. His own skill and success at times when the greatest amount of skill is required is all a fisherman prides himself on. All his pride need not be concentrated on a cane-built fly-rod, only to be used in casting the artificial fly, as commanded in the chapter under notice.

In an interesting chapter on the American Trotting Horse some trotting records are given, Eathan Allen being mentioned as having covered the mile in 2 minutes 15 seconds; within the last few years the above record being beaten till the marvellous time of a mile in 2 minutes 9½ seconds had been scored. This record was entirely surpassed last year by Nancy Hanks trotting a mile in 2 minutes 4 seconds. The greater proportion of Barb blood in American trotters is said to be the main cause of their superiority over English horses at this pace. Americans are willing enough to acknowledge that some of their best trotting sires were those imported from England—namely, Messenger and Mambrino, both of which in their pedigrees show a preponderance of Barb blood. For the further defence of English horses, it must be stated trotting has been cultivated at the expense of galloping in America, which mainly accounts for their animals excelling at that particular pace, and not the preponderance of Barb blood.

SONGS OF A STROLLING PLAYER.*

MR. LEGGE, in making a modest bid for the vacant Laureateship of the modern stage, is dealing with a subject-matter which he thoroughly understands, and with which he is in absolute touch and sympathy; and there are few, indeed, nowadays, who write of stage life, of whom one can affirm as much. His muse is certainly "slangy," unnecessarily so sometimes—though there are occasions, such as the ballad of "The Limelight Man," when slang is essential—and his rhymes and rhythm may sometimes be faulty; but it would be ungracious to break on a critical wheel the butterfly verse of a beginner. Instead of complaining that

Mr. Legge is not all at once a Mackworth Praed or a C. S. C., we prefer to record the simple fact that none but an actor could have written this book, and that certainly few actors could have executed the task half so well as Mr. Legge has done.

The strolling-player no longer wanders from town to town under the picturesque circumstances commemorated in the old ballad which tells us

the beggars are coming to town—
Some in rags, and some in tags, and some in velvet gown.

Children no longer hail his advent along the linen-laden hedges—rows with cries of "Mother, mother, take in the washing; the actors are coming!" Actors nowadays have linen of their own, which they sometimes wash with inconvenient and embarrassing publicity; but, though "busking" it on foot has given place to the comparative comfort of the third-class railway-carriage, there are duller and worse existences than that touring-life of which Mr. Legge sings:—

Oh! the smoke is put behind
With the agents out of mind,
And the managers who promise and forget,
And the shows that we have seen,
And the great what-might-have-been,
And the pals that think on us and we regret.
But the country work's begun,
And there's study to be done,
And rehearsals for a week or so are owed;
Yet it still must be allowed,
If you're with a jolly crowd,
That it's none so bad being out upon the road.

The pathos of stage-stories is apt to take a somewhat stereotyped form; but, often as we have met in verse and prose the situation of the player forced with an aching heart to make others laugh, Mr. Legge's forcible and vivid version bears quotation:—

What is the matter with Jones to-night?
(The low comedian gets his laugh;)
His manner is odd, and his face is white,
And his words aren't coming exactly right;
(How funny the people think him!)

Listen! They're in a perfect roar!
(The low comedian gets his laugh;)
Shouting, and clapping, and wanting more—
There's a laugh he never has got before!
(How funny the people think him!)

What's that? A paper!—"Notice," Eh?
(The low comedian gets his laugh;)
"Death of a child—run over to-day—
Father an actor?" Get on with the play!
(How funny the people think him!)

This is not new, perhaps, but it is true and well told; and the truth well told is better than mere novelty for novelty's sake; still, if we desire some new thing of Mr. Legge, let us turn to his ballad of "The Under-seller," wherein an incubus of the modern stage dissects himself for our edification in (among others) the following stanzas:—

My name is in bills by the dozen; I advertise everywhere;
I'm always the right side of footlights at any and each
matinée,
And if you are struck with amazement, and ask how the deuce
I got there,
I smile in a leering-like fashion, and wrinkle my smirk lips,
and say—
In secret and stealthily wriggle your way to a manager's room;
Discover what parts there are going, and your friends who are
after them, too;
Find out the exact sum they're asking, then your own capabilities
"boom,"
And hint you could dress them much better for less than a
third of the screw.

Observe the satire, unconscious, perhaps, on the poet's part, in the words "dress them much better," not "act them much better." There are plenty of actors and managers, too, nowadays, to whom the clothes are by far the more important part of the business. The underseller has hitherto, so far as we know, escaped the satirist's lash; but he is none the less an undoubted fact, as much abroad in the overstocked market of the stage as ever was the schoolmaster in the wider world outside. Mr. Legge writes of him bitterly and feelingly as if he knew him; nor would it be surprising if he did; there are enough of the underseller's kind about to make it no impossible matter for an actor to draw his portrait from the life.

* *Songs of a Strolling Player.* By Robert George Legge. London: James & Co. 1893.

ESKIMO LIFE.*

DR. NANSSEN'S interesting book on the Eskimo is really one long sermon on the inconvenience of putting new wine into old bottles. Eskimo life is a very old bottle; we do not know when, or perhaps whence, these Hyperboreans reached their frosty coasts, where the Norse explorers found the "Skraelings." One thing is certain—namely, that their kindly, dirty, friendly life harmonized with their broad and bleak environment. There was room enough for every one to hunt seals and whales, there was plenty of fish, a little drift-wood, oil, skins, and there was a traditional and noble generosity. The Red Indian, before the Europeans corrupted him, was hospitable, open-handed, full of charity in peace, but a fiend incarnate in war. The Eskimo did not care for fighting. If ever a murder was committed, it was no affair of the community; and even the kindred of the slain man took up the blood-feud without enthusiasm. A quarrel was settled by a competition in sarcastic song. Beyond killing witches, burying sick old ladies before they were dead, exploiting female labour, and entertaining an unconscious contempt of the Seventh Commandment, the Eskimo were a nice and natural people. There was no gall in them, and, if not martial on land, they were dauntless in face of danger on the sea. The conditions of their life and character enabled them to practise a sort of Socialism tempered by starvation. If they had no magistrates except Mediums (the *Angakut*), they had a body of orally transmitted customs. In fact, they rubbed along very well; they took more than one wife, yet there was little jealousy, and their sexual morality was chiefly laudable for its tolerant good humour. The men's work was almost entirely sport; the Labour party consisted of the women, who were trampled on, so to speak, but were not discontented.

The serpent of missionary enterprise crept into this frozen Paradise. The women were taught to be jealous, the men learned to read, and, of course, their skill in sport began to depart. From being nomadic they were fixed down to certain homes. They learned to drink; but, it is fair to add, the Danish Government does not allow the sale of liquor among them. From the most blameless motives, in short, the missionaries set about making the Eskimo unfit for their environment. Dr. Nansen urges this charge again and again, and would gladly see the Europeans withdraw. It is not very likely that they will do this, and, probably, the Eskimo will die out—already they have become a people of very mixed blood.

The accounts of Eskimo kayaks, weapons (they have a form of the Australian throwing-stick), and religion are interesting, but not very novel. Rink's *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo* tells us almost as much as we need to know, and the tales show the Eskimo ideal in action. The great object of ambition is to be an *Angekok*, or medium; to have a nice, shiny, familiar spirit; to be tied up like a Davenport Brother, and then to become clairvoyant; to send one's soul on its voyages. Why the *Angakut* need to be tied up is a mystery. We only know that in the fourth century after Christ the Greek or Egyptian medium (*doxevs*) was bound in the same way. Oracles delivered by the mediums are quoted by Porphyry and Eusebius to this effect. The spirits invoked by these persons were also luminous, Iamblichus tells us, as among the Eskimo. Possibly this may make Dr. Nansen reconsider his theory of borrowing. To his mind the analogies between Eskimo and other mythologies are explained by transmission, perhaps through the Norsemen, of whom Eskimo tradition remembers very little. As he allows for the independent evolution of the throwing-stick, he might also allow that myths may have been spontaneously evolved. It is very unlikely that the Eskimo *Angekok* got his mystic mummeries from Greece, or Chaldea, or Egypt. There is, of course, no possibility of disproving the transmission of myth; but the natural fancy hits, also, on coincident ideas. Modern mediums and circles go through the same quackeries as those which Iamblichus explained to Porphyry. Yet American charlatans did not borrow them from the Greek. As to the *Angakut*, there is a good deal of exaggeration in their account of their feats. Scott remarks that a crazy Scotch Dissenter, Meikle John Gibb—too mad for even the Restoration Government to hang—became a high pow-wow among the Red Indians. They acknowledged the Scotchman's superiority at their own game; and probably a Yankee impostor could easily cut the *Angekok's* ground from under his feet. For the rest, Dr. Nansen's book is very intelligent, lucid, and sympathetic. No bad kayakman himself, he admits that the Eskimo are his masters. The illustrations are good; the translation, by Mr. Archer, is excellent; and, if we rank the work second to Rink's,

* *Eskimo Life*. By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by William Archer. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

it is still a very good second. By the way, Dr. Nansen will find parallels to the Norse "Out-liers," and Eskimo *Kivukok*, among the Weendigoes of Labrador, and even among the Zulus. He seems inclined to derive the belief from the Norsemen.

THE ALDINE WORDSWORTH.*

THE re-issue of the Aldine edition of Wordsworth, edited by Professor Dowden, in seven volumes, is distinguished by not a few admirable features, apart from the evidence it affords of the editor's careful and alert supervision of the text. The appearance of the "large paper" form of the edition, clothed in a seemly binding of pale grey boards and darker grey linen backs—never was "large paper" more justified to the eye than in this instance—suggests some consideration of the plan of the edition, and the scope of the editor's work. In the first place, there is the text of the poems. This is that of the poet's choice, the text of the 1849-50 edition, the latest approved by Wordsworth. The arrangement of poems is also Wordsworth's. Then, as to editorial features, there are, to follow Mr. Dowden's enumeration, the Notes, which comprise the poet's notes, those dictated by him to Miss Fenwick, and those of the present editor; a table of chronology; an appendix of poems not given in the 1849-50 edition; a reprint of the original forms of "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," as published in 1793; a bibliography; and, lastly, a memoir. With regard to the choice of text, there can be no question that it is the best choice possible. The poet who deliberately set himself "to construct a literary work that might live," to use his own pompous phrase with regard to his great project of an autobiographical poem, could not but be a reverent editor of his own work, and keenly sensible to the importance of revision and accuracy. And such, as all men know, Wordsworth was. With regard, however, to Wordsworth's arrangement of his poems, Mr. Dowden, like all other judges of the subject, appears to think that it is an arrangement open to critical objections that are sound enough, and possibly hard to withstand. We agree with Professor Knight in thinking that the chronological arrangement is the best to observe in a complete collection of a poet's works. It is so emphatically with a poet of so serious and exalted a mind as Wordsworth, who attempted, we must not forget, to set forth "the growth of a poet's mind," and was the keenest and most interested student of the various products of the poet's mind that most concerned him. The chronological system is that which best displays the growth of the poet's mind in its natural evolution. Even Mr. Dowden, who is less confident about the value of this alternative arrangement, observes, "the chronological method of study is full of suggestion and instruction," and if Wordsworth's chosen arrangement is to be discarded, this other is that which should be followed. But there are difficulties involved in the chronological arrangement. It can only be imperfectly established, as Mr. Dowden remarks. Still, there is something incongruous in finding the *Prelude* printed in the last of these seven volumes, and the oddity of the sequence is emphasized by Wordsworth's strange similitude of this poem to the ante-chapel of some vast Gothic church. We come on the ante-chapel—the *Prelude*—after passing through the church—the *Excursion*. But this is only one example of the arbitrary classification that Wordsworth so elaborately constructed. The Gothic church is only so styled because of its bulk, not because of its beauty and dignity, and the ante-chapel is incontestably the finer building of the two. Yet, for lack of indisputable dates, there is nothing for it but to observe the poet's arrangement. Mr. Dowden, however, has done somewhat to amplify or correct dates of publication and composition, and with respect to accuracy of text has done much more. Then, again, the chronological table is a most useful piece of work, and the bibliography is another valuable feature of the edition.

WERNER VON SIEMENS.†

THE autobiography of Werner von Siemens brings a welcome addition to our knowledge of the very remarkable family of which he was, perhaps, the most remarkable member. Sir William Siemens made the family name a household word with us, winning in the country of his adoption a position as engineer and man of science that may fairly be described as unique.

* *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*. Edited by Edward Dowden. 7 vols. Aldine edition. London: Bell & Sons. 1892-93.

† *Personal Recollections of Werner von Siemens*. Translated by W. C. Coupland. London: Asher & Co. 1893.

Werner was his elder brother, and possessed even in greater measure than William the genius of putting science to practical account. His work was less generally known in England than William's, and its scope was scarcely so wide; for the achievements of Werner Siemens lay almost wholly in the region of applied electricity. But there was no part of that field in which he was not a leader, and most people who are familiar with the labours of both brothers will agree that Werner had the greater capacity for initiative. But a comparison is not easy, for the brothers were so closely associated in most of their industrial and scientific enterprises as to make it often scarcely possible to distinguish the shares taken by each. They had the good luck, or rather the happy inspiration, as young men to seize the moment when the new science of electricity was beginning to find uses, and the flood that followed found them always abreast of it. The autobiography of Siemens might almost be styled a history of electrotechnics, so few are the parts of that subject in which he and his brother did not act as pioneers.

Born in 1816, Siemens entered the Prussian military service at the age of eighteen, and remained in it for some fifteen years. After a course of training in the Berlin School of Artillery and Engineering, he continued his scientific studies with an eagerness of which the autobiography gives some amusing examples. For acting as second in a duel he had been imprisoned in the citadel of Magdeburg, and had smuggled into his prison enough apparatus to set up a small laboratory, in which he prosecuted some experiments in electro-deposition of metals with so much success as to discover a method of depositing gold—till then an unknown art in Germany. In the midst of this he was informed that he had received a free pardon, and had to turn out at midnight, bag and baggage, after begging the governor in vain to let him stay in ward a few days longer till the experiments should be complete. William Siemens came to England shortly after, and succeeded in selling to Messrs. Elkington the right to use the new process for the substantial sum of fifteen hundred pounds. Other inventions followed in quick succession. Several of them related to electric telegraphs, and Siemens became the most active member of a commission which reported on the Prussian telegraphs, recommending the underground system, which he afterwards succeeded in carrying out. He devised methods of covering the wires with gutta-percha, a sample of which had been sent him from London as a curiosity by his brother William, and in 1847 associated himself with the mechanic Halske in starting a telegraph factory, which in time developed into one of the best-known establishments in Europe. The claims of his industrial enterprises became so strong that in 1849 he sought his discharge from the army; not, however, without having given evidence of his originality and executive capacity as a military engineer by organizing the defence of Kiel Harbour by means of electrically-fired submarine mines, during the first Schleswig-Holstein war.

The successful use of gutta-percha as the insulating substance in underground lines naturally led to the beginnings of submarine telegraphy. Siemens became associated with Messrs. Newall & Gordon in some of the earliest attempts to lay ocean cables, and did important work in devising methods of laying as well as methods of electrically testing the lines. He was the first to recognize the need of having a definite and readily reproducible unit by reference to which the electrical quality of resistance to conduction might be expressed, and introduced what was for long known as the Siemens unit for this purpose. The Siemens unit has now been displaced, through international agreement, by a somewhat different unit, which was suggested later by a Committee of the British Association; but the method that has, after much discussion, been adopted for the reproduction and maintenance of the standard is essentially the method originally used by Siemens. The claims of the rival units were at one time a matter of almost fierce controversy, which did something to put Siemens out of sympathy with the men who, in England, were joint pioneers with himself in the fast developing science and art of electricity. This should be borne in mind by readers of the autobiography, especially in regard to those passages in which Siemens enumerates the discoveries and inventions which he regarded as peculiarly his own. Some of these claims are at least disputable, and could scarcely have been made had Siemens kept in closer touch with the work of his English contemporaries. Siemens was a strong man, and had the defects of his qualities. These were no doubt fostered by the commanding position he held in Germany as the single conspicuous leader in electrotechnics. To be a Triton among minnows does not conduce to a proper appreciation of the size of the big fish in other ponds.

The section of the autobiography that tells of cable-laying is perhaps the most interesting part of a book which is nowhere

dull. In the early days of ocean telegraphy every expedition was an adventure certain to furnish matter for excitement and romance. A single minute's heedlessness or bad luck might, and often did, spoil all. Even nowadays, when the charm of novelty is gone, and the certainty of success is almost as great as it is in any other big piece of engineering work, it would be hard to find a more engrossing interest than that which pervades a cable-ship, from captain and chief to cabin-boy, during the days or weeks that pass while the cable is running out over the stern. Siemens's voyages were full of incident, and he tells the story with spirit and humour. One of his adventures was a collision with a waterspout which nearly swamped his ship. Another was a contest with Arabs on the top of the pyramid of Cheops, when he proved, as he says, that electricity can do good service as a defensive weapon. Siemens and his friends had the good fortune to be on the pyramid during a singular electrical storm, and were examining the atmospheric electricity by charging and discharging Leyden jars which they had extemporized by wrapping wet paper round the luncheon bottles of the party, when the Arabs, thinking that the electricians were practising magic, demanded that they should immediately descend. Siemens, who was holding up a bottle to receive the atmospheric charge, refused, and, as the sheikh made a dash at him, he lowered the bottle towards his assailant's nose. A spark passed which was strong enough to knock the sheikh over, and when he came to his feet it was only to spring howling down the steps of the pyramid, followed by his native companions. A more serious adventure was the wreck of the P. & O. steamer, *Atma*, in the Red Sea with Siemens and other cable engineers as passengers on board, returning from laying the Red Sea cable. After four days on a coral reef the ship's company were rescued by an English man-of-war. Equally interesting in their several ways are the account given of Siemens's visit to the Caucasus made in the capacity of mine-owner, and that of his journeys in Russia while engaged in constructing telegraphs during the Crimean war.

Another section tells of his great invention of the dynamo-electric machine. Like most of Siemens's work, this was essentially a product of the time, and fell to his hands mainly because he was in the forefront of the movement of which it formed part. In fact, the idea of the dynamo did not occur to him alone; it was an invention which was made independently, and almost simultaneously, by Siemens, by Wheatstone, and by Alfred Varley. Here, again, we touch on ground which has been something of a field of battle. No one, however, will now dispute the conclusion that credit for this far-reaching invention is due to every one of the three.

Throughout the book the writer's character stands out in strong, if not always perfectly pleasing, light. He had, as we have said, the defects of his qualities, and there is no attempt to gloss them over. On the contrary, he criticizes himself as well as his brothers with an engaging frankness, pleading guilty, for instance, to "excessive benignity" on the one hand, and to irascibility on the other. The whole autobiography is amusingly simple and naïf—witness, for example, the account that is given of the writer's relations with the Prussian Royal House, which culminated in his becoming ennobled. The egotism of Werner Siemens is like that of Willoughby Patterne; its transparent unconsciousness makes it almost attractive. A man who can say (and with perfect truth) "My life was beautiful because it essentially consisted of successful labour and useful work" disarms criticism. A friendly feeling, begotten of the perfect straightforwardness of the hero, mingles with the admiration one feels as one puts down the book.

Mr. Coupland's translation is, for the most part, well done, and the technical portions, which must have presented considerable difficulty, seem accurate. Taken along with the translation which was published last year by Messrs. Murray of Werner von Siemens's Scientific and Technical Papers, it gives English readers nearly as complete an account of the elder brother as Dr. Pole's *Life of Sir William Siemens*, and the three volumes of his collected papers and addresses, had already given of the younger.

Part of the large fortune which came to Siemens through the success of his numerous enterprises was devoted before his death to the foundation of the Physical and Technical Institute at Charlottenburg, which, under the direction of Von Helmholtz, now forms the official German home of research in the science which Siemens did so much to promote.

HORSERACING IN ENGLAND.*

EVEN after reading Mr. Black's prefatory reasons for writing this book, it is not easy to find an excuse for its publication. It is, doubtless, in his opinion "neither ponderous nor unduly expensive," yet he will not find many persons to agree with him or to wade through the three hundred and forty odd pages of breathless sentences, unless there are readers with an unnatural passion for stale stories, brackets, bad English, and worse grammar. Indeed, this "synoptical review reign by reign from Charles II. to Victoria of the development attained by the Turf and its accessories" is about as interesting as the genealogical chapters in the Pentateuch. That he has ransacked calendars, stud-books, Turf histories, &c., nobody will dispute, though his diligence in this direction is to be deplored as having resulted in the dreary work under notice, one of the queerest features of which is, that the author who avows that he has taken so much trouble to get up his subject seems to disapprove of very nearly everything connected with it. It may almost be said that the Turf stinks in his nostrils. He has his knife into the Jockey Club on every opportunity; in his opinion that august body does the things which it ought not to do, and leaves undone the things which it ought to do, beyond even the average of miserable sinners. He has grave doubt if our horses are improving; he has the usual sneer at five- and six-furlong races, which have probably done more to improve our breed of hunters and chargers than any other factor in equine development, and he abhors betting from the bottom of his heart. With his diatribes against plunging, and especially against the modern disregard for debts of honour, there is no fault to be found, nor has any one ever pretended that wagering was of use to the community at large, or that one man's gain must not necessarily be somebody else's loss—facts of which Mr. Black rather poses as the discoverer—nevertheless, to ordinary mortals, betting in moderation will always appear to be a very venial form of sin, and racing without betting at all about as insipid as an egg without salt. He needs reminding, too, that, if he makes personal statements about individuals on the Turf he should at least be strictly accurate. For instance, he speaks of Lord Cadogan as a man who disapproves of betting. Now, it is well known that the noble Lord in question disapproves, as does every sensible man, of people betting beyond their means; but, as he not unfrequently has a modest investment on his own racers, he can hardly be placed on that serene moral altitude whence Lord Falmouth (to whose celebrated sixpenny bet we might well have been spared the inevitable allusion) was wont to look down on his less strong-minded fellow-creatures.

If Mr. Black has a weakness at all in the way of racing, he would seem to lean to matches over the Beacon Course, so that the "thirteen or fourteen picked afternoons in the course of the summer," which was the maximum allowed by "Druid" to the temperate racegoer, would, in our author's case, dwindle down to a visit to Newmarket, once in every four or five years, on those happily rare occasions when a couple of valueless horses break each other down in a contest for the Cup or Whip. Of a truth, it is difficult to imagine that Mr. Black does often appear on a racecourse; on his own showing he would be out of sympathy with nearly all that he would there see and hear, and moreover, were he in the habit of "following racing," he would not make some of the mistakes of which he is guilty, such as saying that there has been "a perfectly unauthorized increase in the scale of fees for riding even the paltriest race," for he would surely know that there has been no such increase, nor would it be possible without authorization.

Tolerably wide of the mark is he also in his "rough-and-ready method of calculation," which he declares to be "widely accepted," whereby "distance is converted into representative pounds avoirdupois, so that half a length is five pounds, a length seven, and two lengths ten pounds." When Major Egerton adopts this scale his life will be, if possible, more harassed than at present by indignant owners.

Of Mr. Black's jokes we can hardly trust ourselves to speak; but the following is a fair specimen:—"There is no provision in Magna Charta (for reasons which need not be discussed) for the 'adjournment of the House' over the Derby Day; nor, if the House fails to adjourn, is it likely (to judge from past experience) that the earth would open and swallow up the sitting members." The use of the term "common fellers" (*sic*) to indicate racing men who are not in the peerage seems from its constant repetition to appeal greatly to his sense of humour; while "the spread of ring-worm" is his savoury and facetious expression for the increase of betting proclivities.

We must do the author the justice of saying that in Chapter V.

* *Horsereading in England: a Synoptical Review.* By Robert Black. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

he has collected a curious assortment of "Memorable Matches," a term which here includes a variety of sporting feats undertaken for wagers—it does not seem to be wrong to bet, unless you bet with what he insists upon calling "the bookies." Many of the events thus recorded are of the sort which Mr. Corlett and his staff brand as chestnuts; all are more or less spoilt in the telling by brackets and italics.

The outside of this volume of wearisome extracts from *Racing Calendar* and *Stud-Book* is defaced by the emblazonment of a slack-backed, heavy-shouldered, straight-jointed racehorse, mounted by an idiotic jockey with his cap on the back of his head, and his culpable boots and breeches as badly put on as is his surcingle.

NEW MUSIC.

IN the category of dance music a prominent place must be given to the publications of Messrs. Enoch & Sons. Their shilling "Dance Album" is as good as usual this year; and, if we except a "Boulanger March," quite up to date, inasmuch as it contains, besides the regular waltzes, &c., a "New Serpentine Dance," and a "Cachuca," with other Spanish measures. The popular name of Otto Roeder is sufficient warrant for the two waltzes entitled "Mia Bella" and "Love-star"; and such well-known writers as Gwyllyn Crowe and G. Jacobi are responsible for the other items. It is a very cheap and useful volume. A violin part is provided in addition, for the modest sum of sixpence. The same firm also publish the following waltzes separately:—"Firenze," by Florence Fare, "Graziella," by Yvolde, "Alcazar," "Florea," and "Marguerite," by Otto Roeder. In "Marguerite" the irrepressible music-hall element breaks out, but in an agreeable form. The waltz is written on the song sung by Miss Letty Lind and Miss Lottie Collins, a fascinating portrait of whom graces the cover.

We have also a capital shilling album from Messrs. Phillips & Page, containing dances by Fabian Rose, Warwick Williams, and other well-known manufacturers of such wares. The "Variety Quadrilles" in this volume should be popular. Spanish waltzes seem in vogue at present, and their liveliness is certainly an agreeable relief from the languorous casino style of the past. Messrs. Phillips & Page publish one in their album and another separately, to wit, "Salvadora," by Juan Gomez. We can recommend them both.

Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons are publishing a novel series of "Local Song Books," intended for school use. They are not, as the name suggests, collections of traditional country melodies, but entirely new compositions both in words and music. The object is to foster a love of home and country in the children of the people, by embodying familiar local scenes and traditions in simple verse set to easy melodies. The idea, which every one must applaud, seems to be very happily carried out, with a due admixture of fun and sentiment. We have here songs of the North and West country, of Lancashire, Yorkshire, the Midlands, and of London. Some are written for one voice only, but a considerable number for two, simply enough to be easily learnt by ear. School-teachers will find them exceedingly useful; but whether they possess the mystic quality of enduring popularity may be doubted. This criticism does not apply to some other sets of school-songs issued by the same house. Their "Folk Songs of England," "Songs of the British Empire," and "Old-time Songs," stand for the most part on the firm ground of undisputed and permanent favour. They are the songs that everybody knows, and only differ from innumerable similar collections in being specially prepared, as to words and music, for elementary school use. Nothing could be better for the purpose. We cannot speak so favourably of "Choral Techniques," also published by Messrs. Curwen. This is a volume of short vocal studies in four parts, by H. Ernest Nichol, "for the use of choirs that aspire to a high degree of precision, declamation, expression, and blending." In our opinion such choirs had much better exercise themselves on real compositions by the great masters.

The following songs are worth notice. "When Sunny Summer ripens Corn," by Ernest Ford (Phillips & Page), an exceedingly pretty, tasteful, and well-written love song, from the operetta *Mr. Jericho*. It has a humorous companion in "Jericho's Jams," not quite so good. "All the world to me," by H. C. Tonking, is dedicated to Sir Augustus Harris, and ends with this remarkable specimen of English:—"So near me stay, and do not fly beyond my vision's reach; henceforth, from this, let you and I be one, and live for each." Music to match. "Captive Love" and "Berceuse" (Enoch & Sons) are two of Mme. Chaminade's charming songs, already introduced to the public by Mr. Eugène

Oudin, who furnishes a very clever translation of the original French. "Love and Summer," by Frederic H. Cowen, and "Dapple Gray," by A. H. Behrend (Enoch & Sons), are two good songs of a familiar kind, both written for mezzo-soprano or contralto. "For thee alone," by J. Jacques Haakman (Charles Woolhouse) is an unusually effective song for baritone.

Messrs. Forsyth Brothers send us a "Berceuse and Scherzo," for pianoforte with violin or flute, by Horton Allison, which may be strongly recommended to amateurs as easy, agreeable, and unpretentious. Also a "Mazurka" for the pianoforte by H. Whitehead, written with much taste and skill. "The Arrival," a March, for the pianoforte, by J. Batchelder, is decidedly thin. Mr. Edgar Haddock's *Practical Violin School* is intended to form a complete guide to the mastery of that instrument; and though many excellent violin tutors already exist, this new one will be found very useful. It is to be completed in five sections, each containing a great many parts, issued separately in a convenient form, and proceeding gradually from "elementary" to "very difficult." To our mind the best feature of the work is that, after the rudimentary part, it presents a carefully graduated series of studies selected from the works of the greatest writers for the instrument, each set being accompanied by a page of exercises bearing on the special difficulties which the studies are intended to illustrate, together with concise hints and instructions when necessary.

Wickins & Co.'s *Rapid Method for the Violin* is intended as a companion to their similar publication for the piano; but we doubt whether it will be much of a boon. There is no harm in a superficial acquaintance with the piano; but the violin should be learnt thoroughly or let alone.

Messrs. Novello's latest "Music Primer" is a *Summary of Musical History*, by Dr. Hubert Parry. The writer's name is sufficient warrant that the work is thoroughly well done. He has not merely succeeded in condensing into a wonderfully short space all the main facts in the history of music from the Middle Ages to the present day, but has also at the same time traced the organic development of the art in a luminous and masterly manner. Dr. Parry writes, of course, strictly from the academic point of view, and exception might be taken to some of his judgments; but a sounder and safer guide on the whole could not be desired.

The Candidate in Music (J. Curwen & Sons) is a handy treatise for the use of students of the theory of music, by Henry Fisher, Mus.Doc. The points chiefly aimed at by the writer are "precision in the framing of definitions, variety and copiousness in the exercises, and the avoidance, so far as possible, of all controverted points," and we think he has succeeded in his aim.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

STEPHANIE'S CHILDREN (National Society's Depository) is another proof of the versatility and charm of writing that is already well known in the author of the *Atelier du Lys*, and will prove a delightful addition to a girl's library. With plenty of freshness and go, and even hairbreadth adventures, and escaping the rock of dullness on which so many "goody-goody" books get wrecked, it has a good, wholesome, moral tone—a book which must do any one good to read, and which, to our thinking, cannot bore the most fastidious. Stéphanie is a young widow; her children are two stepdaughters, for she was married to a widower when she was fourteen. "The child-bride first met her husband at the altar. She dared not look up at him, and returned to her convent and her lessons, with no clear idea of what he was like." A few months later the Comte de Leyrac, her husband, died suddenly. She stayed in the convent and with friends until she was eighteen, when her mother-in-law sent for her to join her and the two little stepdaughters. The story of their escape from France during the Great Revolution is full of adventure and some horrors, without which a story of that time cannot be a true one. The description of the life led among the colony of *émigrés* in London is most interesting, and gives us an insight into the poverty, privations, and hard work they went through, and the courage and even brightness with which they met their trials.

Miss Agnes Giberne, in *Miss Devereux, Spinster* (Clarke & Co.), has shown us how narrow-minded a woman, without ambition, and with a submissive character, can become under the strict régime of a determined aunt, whose sense of propriety does not allow her niece the good and widening influence which men friends can exercise on a loverless spinster's life. When Miss Devereux has reached the age of thirty-nine, her aunt dies, and she has suddenly got the charge of an orphan nephew and niece.

The niece soon rebels under the narrow, unsympathetic rule of her maiden aunt, and, to escape from it, marries a man thirty-seven years older than herself. The little boy, who is much younger, and who becomes his aunt's pet, submits to the injudicious molly-coddling for a long time, and rebels only just in time to escape being a terrible prig. Miss Devereux, though she gives her name to the book, is by far the least interesting character in it. Jean Trevelyan, the daughter of the clergyman of the parish, is the real heroine, and has character enough for all the rest put together. The fault of the book lies in its being too much spun out.

A Bag of Farthings, by Christabel R. Coleridge (National Society's Depository), tells of a little boy who is wrongfully accused of theft, and who has some very bad times in consequence. Nothing seems to touch the conscience of the real thief, except having her life saved by the suspected one, when she owns up, and by so doing not only clears her deliverer, but morally saves herself, and is given a fresh start in life. It is a pretty story, with many touches very true to life in the class with which it deals.

The Clever Miss Follett, by J. K. H. Denny (Blackie & Son), has many characters, and much talk. Some of the characters are very well drawn, such as the weak and, in prosperity, pompous Mr. Follett; the good, much given to worry, Mrs. Follett, who tries unsuccessfully to become a worldly woman; the downright and bad-mannered, but excellent, curate, John Ingram; the rough, kind-hearted, American cousin, who imagines that riches can buy love; and, finally, "the clever Miss Follett," whose goodness, to our mind, outweighs her cleverness. The ups and downs and ins and outs in the life of the Follett family make the book a very readable one.

In the prologue of *Golden Gwendolyn* (Hutchinson & Co.) Evelyn Everett Green, the author, has given us the outline of a story which in the subsequent chapters she has filled in with details which keep up the interest in the ill-used and beautiful heroine, her lover, and her great friend which we began to feel from the first. Gwendolyn is the ward of a certain Mr. Forsyth, who, with the help of an unscrupulous friend, has got through her money. The horrible lie he tells her to force her to give up her lover, the brutal manner in which—again helped by his fiendish friend—he tries to get rid of her altogether, and the clever way in which the poor girl's friends manage to frustrate his plans, are all well conceived. Sir Dacre Musgrave's wooing of the lovely "Golden Gwendolyn" begins after the manner of Othello:—"She loved me for the dangers I had passed; And I loved her that she did pity them." He had come home invalided from the Burmese War when he first met his "fate." The girl's perfect trust and faith in her hero in spite of rumours, and, to a less trustful damsel, convincing evidence, is very touching and makes one rejoice that he proves himself worthy of her trust. *The Namesakes*, by the same author (Hutchinson & Co.), is another book full of incident and romance, dear to boys and girls who are on the threshold of their start in life. The willing away of the property from the apparent heir is ingeniously managed by the fact, which was known only to the grandfather when he bequeathed his property to "My eldest grandson, Guy Monkswold Dangerfield," that his eldest scapegrace son had formed a secret marriage before his death, and had a son who was christened Guy Monkswold, born a few months before the second son's child, also christened Guy Monkswold. His father being dead, this boy inherits and enjoys the property, and his mother is the only person who is aware that he is taking the rightful owner's place. The plot, which seems complicated, hangs together, and is unfolded very cleverly.

My Goddaughter, by Mary H. Debenham (National Society's Depository), begins with an amusing description of how badly strolling players can interpret one of Shakespeare's plays, and the effect it had upon Theodosia Carteret, a girl of fifteen, on her first experience of playgoing. Though their acting is a shock to her, she becomes interested in the players themselves through being suddenly called to see a poor woman amongst them who is dying, and to whose newly-christened baby she becomes godmother. She sees the wretched life these poor creatures lead, and when the mother dies she, with the help of her uncle, the rector of the parish, has the children well looked after. We will leave the readers of *My Goddaughter* to follow their various vicissitudes, and to have the times and horrors of the Gordon Riots recalled to them. From first to last the book does not lack interest.

Black, White, and Gray, by Amy Walton (W. & R. Chambers), describes the three separate homes of three fascinating kittens—one black, one white, and the third grey. We feel what a lottery their futures are, and what entirely different homes three of the same family can have.

A Bitter Debt, by Annie E. Swan (Hutchinson & Co.), is a pretty tale of the Black Country. There are two curious and unexplained circumstances in the book, one being why Pris Woolridge, the heroine, comes to be so superior to her relations and surroundings. The idea that there must be some mystery connected with her birth haunts one to the end of the story; but apparently there is none. She really is the daughter of the low, vulgar-minded man she calls her father; and, as her mother died before we are introduced to Pris, we hear nothing about her, and so are obliged to suppose that Pris's innate refinement must have come from her. Our next cause of astonishment is Pris becoming devoted to a man she loathed, and whom she was forced to marry, and who, beyond giving her all that money can buy and a selfish devotion, does nothing, and has nothing in him to win the love of such a high-minded and superior girl as Pris Woolridge. However, notwithstanding these drawbacks, Miss Annie Swan has made her story a very attractive one. *Tom and his Crows*, by Jessie M. E. Saxby (James Nisbet & Co.), is a delightful story, full of adventure and variety. We are quite carried away by "Nunc," as Uncle Tom is called, and his nephews and nieces, the "crows." They transport us into Switzerland, and we feel we are admiring the beauties of the country, sympathizing with the "crows' love of fun and daring adventures, shuddering over their hairbreadth escapes, and being deeply interested in "Nunc's" romance. The "Inquisition," as Uncle Tom so aptly calls his crows, strikes us as being an excellent name for many children we know who are given to "cross-questioning of a disjointed and unreasoning quality." Certainly Mrs. Saxby has the faculty of making us live for the time being in the country and with the people she writes about.

Two Little Children and Ching, by Edith E. Cuthell (Methuen & Co.), tells of two motherless little ones, Guy and Vi, who stay with their grandfather whilst their father is away in India. "Ching," who is in reality the hero of the story, is a Chinese pug the children bring with them. Those who have read *Only a Guardroom Dog*, by the same author, will not be surprised at getting thoroughly interested in Ching's chequered career, and in its adoring little master and mistress. *The Gentle Heritage*, by Frances E. Crompton (A. D. Innes & Co.), is a truly delightful children's story. The fascinating little beings it describes make one very loth to part with them. Their baby language and expressions are original and life-like. Who has not met Nell, Patricia, Annis, Paul, and, above all, the original Bobby. But they are little people whose sayings and doings are difficult to record faithfully, and we are grateful to the author of *The Gentle Heritage* for the charming way she has done this. The book is very well illustrated by T. Pym. *Winning his Freedom*, by M. Bramston (National Society's Depository), turns upon how an ill-used, bullied little orphan boy can, by force of will and character, submit to any amount of ill-usage and bullying rather than give in. He is not an unnatural hero in fiction, who fights his own battles bravely from the very first; on the contrary, he is very human, and at first, from fear, is induced to tell lies and do many wrong things; but, with the help of good friends, he conquers in the end, and shakes off his tyrant by submitting to be nearly killed rather than give in to wrongdoing.

Twilight, by Annette Lyster (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is a story of two villages; in the first village, Blackmead, Christopher, who is the principal character in this story, passes a dreary and unhappy first part of his life, and one gladly turns from the depression the description of such a life casts over one to the bright little village of Kingsfield, where Christopher spends many happy, bright years to make up for his troubled ones.

By Lantern-Light, by Austin Clare (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is a tale of smugglers on the Cornish Coast. Joan Tregear is the victim to these smugglers. Her determination to conceal the fact that her brother is one of them all but loses her lover, and her heroic attempts to save her father from a scoundrelly friend, and to take his duties in the light-house when her father is incapable of doing them himself, make us appreciate the stuff that Cornish maids are made of. It is a well-written story, with go enough to satisfy even a schoolboy, and romance enough for even a girl in her teens.

NEW ETCHING.

WE have received an etching entitled "Scandal and Tea," by M. Gaujean. It is a copy of Mr. Dendy Sadler's picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1892. Three elderly ladies, whom we might identify, perhaps, in the pages of *Cranford*, are assembled round a table in an old-fashioned oak-panelled "parlour." The furniture is that of 'tis sixty years since, and it, with the pictures on the walls and the costumes, are, archaeolo-

gically speaking, perfectly correct; but the ladies are not lovely, and there is a want of relief—such as a young and pretty face might have afforded—which goes to mar the piece. As an etching it deserves, like most of Messrs. Frost & Reed's publications, nearly unqualified praise. In etchings of this kind "value" is the chief criterion of excellence, and M. Gaujean has contrived to make this print look full of colour. It is too large for the amount of subject it contains.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH.*

MR. BAYLIS as a Queen's Counsel and a bencher of the Inner Temple has advantages for the study of his subject denied to outsiders. In addition to the facilities he possesses for access to the original records, and a warm interest in the antiquities of the Temple, he has evidently indomitable perseverance in hunting down difficult questions. We cannot congratulate him on his list of authorities at p. xiii., ending with a mysterious writer named simply "Bedekker." There are other curiosities in this list, but from the book itself it is easy to see that Mr. Baylis has consulted many better treatises than those he names, and has also carefully pondered over what they taught him. The priests are good and well selected, but Mr. Baylis appears to be unacquainted with the beautiful view of the interior of the church by Billings, which may be found in Godwin's *Churches*. This drawing was made before the destructions wrought in 1842, and shows the exquisite Corinthian reredos, and the curious Communion rails, both of which look very like Wren's work. In the background are half-a-dozen monuments and tablets, which were afterwards torn down and destroyed, or placed in the Triforium. Mr. Baylis is careful to say very little about the ravages committed at this time, and only records the fact. But when speaking of John Seldon, he mentions that his tombstone was removed and, indeed, lost. Mr. Baylis has found it "opposite to the north-west triplet window of the Choir"; but whether within or without the church he does not say. "I have no doubt," he adds, "that it is the original, which was removed in 1840-2, when the numerous gravestones mentioned by Dugdale were taken up and the present encaustic tiles substituted." Mr. Baylis is more positive than other recent writers that the stone inscribed with the name of Oliver Goldsmith really marks his grave "on the Middle Temple side of the north Churchyard."

The little volume is intended first, no doubt, as a guide, especially for the use of American visitors. But, in addition to the guide-book proper, there are various very interesting addenda and appendices, including those relating to other round churches. Mr. Baylis adds one to the four usually mentioned—namely, St. Mary Magdalen, Ludlow; which seems to fill a round tower of the Norman period in the Inner Baily of the Castle. "Though much smaller and much older, it closely resembles the Temple Round Church," says Mr. Baylis; and he gives two views, an exterior and an interior, which force us to ask if there can have been a chapel or "Round Church" of the same kind in the Wakefield Tower in the Tower of London. Undoubtedly there was an oratory in that building in the fifteenth century, and it seems more than possible that in the twelfth century a chapel occupied the whole ground-floor. It has been so ruthlessly "restored" of late years to make it a suitable depository for the Crown jewels that no answer can now be expected. There is nothing to connect Ludlow Castle or chapel with the Templars. Mr. Baylis says that Little Maplestead Church, which is round, was built by the Hospitallers. St. Sepulchre's at Cambridge is, perhaps, the best known of these curious buildings. It certainly has no connexion with either Templars or Hospitallers, but was built during the Crusade. "St. Sepulchre's in the Bailey," just without the wall of London, must have had a similar origin. It would be interesting to know if there are any traditions of its ever having been round. There is nothing improbable in the suggestion. The church was in existence in the twelfth century, and it was rebuilt, and perhaps remodelled, a couple of hundred years later. We regret to observe from the photograph given by Mr. Baylis that the church at Little Maplestead has been completely rebuilt. The Ludlow church, on the other hand, is in ruins.

Mr. Baylis identifies the site of the chapel of St. Ann on the south side of the Temple Church. It was pulled down in 1825, during a destructive "restoration" which then obliterated a great number of ancient features, and set the example so implicitly followed in 1840. It is not very easy to make out from Mr. Baylis whether any remains still exist of the crypt of St. Ann. He says simply "the entrance is by the Manhole." There are a good many manholes in the Temple and other parts of London.

* *The Temple Church*. By T. H. Baylis. London: Philip. 1893.

"There is in the Register an entry of a burial in 1664 in the Round Walk near St. Anne's Chapel door." Mr. Baylis hopes the chapel may be restored, as more space is wanted for a vestry or practice-room. It is not very easy to agree with this wish. The modern buildings of the Temple have not been encouraging. The new gateway on the Embankment is the result of joint action on the part of the two Societies, and warns us what may be expected to happen if they again begin to meddle with the unfortunate church. Mr. Baylis gives some interesting particulars as to the arms of the Inner and Middle Temples. It seems there is no record of a grant of arms at the Herald's College. The old story that the Pegasus of the Inner Temple is improved from the two knights on one horse will hardly bear examination, because when the Pegasus was adopted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it is stated that the Middle Templars had a choice of the two knights or the Agnus Dei, which last they virtually adopted. "No heraldic blunder could account for the two knights on one horse being transformed into the winged horse." As to its use as marking the property of the Inner Temple, Mr. Baylis sees no objection, but he thinks its use on the ceilings, tiles, and fabric of the church an anachronism. Unfortunately there are far greater anachronisms than this in the Temple Church. This is certainly, in spite of the faults we have ventured to point out, a useful and pretty little volume on a most interesting subject.

IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE.*

IT is some consolation, even with November fogs looming in the middle distance, to follow Mr. Nottage *In Search of a Climate*. Judging from the very accurate observations he makes on the places we know well, we are inclined to accept his verdict on the rest, and we shake hands over the conclusion of the whole matter—namely, that when, as this year, we have a spell of beautiful weather, "no country in the world is so delightful as England." Even in bad years many people who go abroad would fare much better if they remained at home. Doctors have a great deal to answer for in sending people of limited means, suffering from lung troubles, to the Continent. They cannot afford good rooms with a southern aspect, firing is ruinous, libraries not well supplied with books, sick cooking difficult to get properly done, and altogether dulness and discomfort reign. We once knew a sensible doctor whose wife was threatened with consumption (hereditary). He could not afford to send her abroad luxuriously, so he rigged up a stove which heated the staircase, burnt her low-necked dresses, gave her cod-liver oil, and kept her at home. She became quite strong after a few years of careful diet and general supervision.

There is one too common form of invalidism for which foreign travel, however uncomfortable, does wonders—that is, what is called by various names, "breakdown," "nervous exhaustion," and so on, induced by work under insanitary conditions. The symptoms are loss of nerve power, insomnia, and dyspepsia. For this no better place than Cairo could be chosen. The great variation of temperature between night and day does such patients no harm. The sunny skies, the absence of mist or rain, the numberless interesting places to visit which keep the patient long hours in the open air, the novel surroundings, pleasant company, well-cooked food, all tend to produce good appetite and sound sleep. But with pulmonary, throat, or asthmatic complaints it is quite different. Mr. Nottage, a man of wealth, able to pay for any purchasable comfort, and travelling with a nurse and a man-servant, has yet little to say in recommendation of the various Continental health resorts he has tried. They all turned out more or less frauds for his complaint—asthma. Hyères, mild, but exposed to the mistral and fogs; Mentone, warm, but so depressing as to encourage suicidal mania; Bordighera, sunny, but dull; Nice, the worst of all, owing to the impossibility of avoiding constant changes of temperature. Monte Carlo he certainly praises, provided the gaming-rooms are never entered. Coasting the Riviera in a yacht seems even worse than living on the mainland; frost, damp, and snow being encountered. Madeira comes in for some commendation as the best climate for advanced pulmonary disease, and it is within easy reach of England, being only three days and a half journey from Southampton; but the number of dying people makes it a melancholy resort, and there being only one road for driving or riding is rather monotonous. Doctors seem now to think the Canary Islands a better and more bracing climate; but those the author did not visit.

Of all the places mentioned as health-resorts, Mr. Nottage gives

the highest praise to the Sandwich Islands, with their balmy air and flashing seas; an absolute Paradise were it not for swarms of mosquitoes which were imported about forty years ago by a sailing vessel. Honolulu is a most civilized town; telephones so numerous that it is not necessary even to write a telegram; electric light everywhere, good tramways, excellent roads, reading-rooms well supplied with papers—in fact, everything "up to date." There are numbers of bungalows standing in beautiful gardens, and lawns kept in the highest state of perfection. English people can here make their home, and are not obliged to send their children away. The hotels charge from two to three dollars per day for board and lodging; but the attendance and cooking are bad. Mr. Nottage recommends invalids wishing to remain at Honolulu more than a month to rent one of the pleasant, well-furnished bungalows, engage Chinese servants, and buy horses, which are cheap, and can be sold again. Carriage hire is ridiculously dear—six shillings the hour, and double fare after 11 P.M. The necessities of life are cheap, but extras three times as expensive as in England. A great deal of rain falls in the winter, but the soil is porous, so it quickly dries up. There is a very complete account of the Hawaiian Islands, and of the revolution which dethroned Queen Liliuokalani. We are given a portrait of the young lady who was next in the succession; her father was an Englishman. It is so charming that we wonder the Hawaiians do not start another revolution to make her their Queen. Mr. Nottage was disappointed in the climate of California, but he appears to have come in for exceptionally bad weather. Here we must leave the invalids "in search of a climate" to continue it in the volume itself.

GLANCES BACK THROUGH SEVENTY YEARS.*

AMONG the innumerable "Reminiscences" with which we are being deluged none have amused us more than these "Glances." We fear the reason partly is that they are unscrupulously and unsparingly personal; and assuredly no one can complain of any lack of piquancy. We fancy that some of the men who are mentioned would very gladly have found themselves forgotten. For Mr. Vizetelly, who is a very old literary hand, knows well that his public is genially ill-natured. So he has raked up the foibles and *fredaines* of his former acquaintances, and the more the men were self-made the more categorically he chronicles these facts. So we hear how one gentleman of a certain distinction was supposed to be the son of a chimney-sweep, though he declared himself of noble extraction, and surely he should have known best. But if Mr. Vizetelly be taxed with uncharitableness, he may plead that he does not spare himself. He makes no secret of his having fought the battles of a free lance on the debateable ground between Bohemianism and respectability. And he confesses his own practices with the utmost candour and chuckles of satisfaction. He seldom seems to have sailed much nearer the wind than as an enterprising publisher and editor in the excitement of the Rugeley poisoning case. On the eve of Palmer being tried for his life, he gathered and grouped all the damaging stories afloat; so much so that he expresses his profound astonishment that he was not summoned for contempt of Court.

Having delivered our conscience by referring Mr. Vizetelly to his own, we can give ourselves up conscientiously to the enjoyment of his small talk. The "Glances" are carried back to his remote boyhood, when the suburban roads were infested by highwaymen, when the rickety hack carriages were shaken to pieces on the ill-paved and ill-lighted streets, which were guarded after dark by the old-fashioned "Charlies." So the Democracy was terribly disgusted at the revolutionary constitutional innovation which was brought about by the disciplined policeman of Peel. As for the smugglers, who did a roaring trade, their audacity exceeds belief. They ran cargoes in broad day on the beaches at Brighton and Hastings, having previously organized a force of accomplices, who kept the excisemen at bay while the goods were delivered. As to the metropolis he has much to say about the debtors' prisons, which were so many lively hotels for the reckless insolvents. No one knew them better than Dickens; and Sam Weller went to the root of the matter when he said the honest folks suffered and the scoundrels enjoyed themselves. Thus the rascally debtor had it all his own way. Standing on the defensive, he paid about a shilling to a sovereign in the contests he could wage against his creditors. At the worst, he need never pay unless he pleased—he could buy the privileges of "The Rules" or "The Liberties"; and when brought down by a disproportionate expenditure he was seldom worth powder and shot.

* *In Search of a Climate*. By Charles G. Nottage, LL.B., F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

* *Glances Back Through Seventy Years*. By Henry Vizetelly. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1893.

Almost all the early Bohemian allies of Mr. Vizetelly had been familiar with the "Bench," the "Fleet," and the spunging-houses of Chancery Lane. All these impecunious adventurers drank hard; and when they could find credit or a friend to pay, they never neglected an opportunity. When they had climbed a few rungs of the literary ladder, and got out of Grub Street into Paternoster Row, the Bohemians made a point of finishing the evening in one of the night-haunts. We hear of "The Finish" and "The Back-kitchen," and of "Evans's" in the palmy days of Paddy Green, where many a literary venture was discussed, and much critical scalping and tomahawking was mapped out. The staff of each struggling journal was a band of brothers, who seem to have lived with their hands in each other's pockets, and, to do them justice, they were as generous as they were reckless. Some had self-restraint enough to dissipate with discretion, and others had the sense to purge and live cleanly when their talents were turning to profitable account.

We take some of the literary reminiscences at random. Leech was a good-looking young fellow of the Dundreary type; conservative, aristocratic, and quietly reserved. Latterly his life was made a burden by his morbid aversion to all sounds in the streets, from which he suffered as acutely as Carlyle. There is a ludicrous story of his once seeking repose in the country, when he was driven back to the town by the noise of the night-ingles and the grating of the garden-roller. It is said he was a striking contrast to his crony Albert Smith, who is represented as the incarnation of boisterous and bumptious vulgarity. There is no denying Smith's talents as a popular *raconteur*, and he was a born showman with the bluntest susceptibilities. He never missed an occasion of advertising himself, literally and metaphorically, and once he quarrelled with Mr. Vizetelly over a poster. In one line the "Albert Smith" was printed big, but in another "Mont Blanc" had been printed bigger; and Smith insisted on the proportions being reversed. We are told that Thackeray could not abide the pushing showman, and more than once refused advantageous offers because they would have brought him into literary relations with Smith. Mr. Vizetelly explodes the old legend of *Vanity Fair* being hawked about among the publishers, and repeatedly rejected. He knows that it was really written by instalments, and that the presses had sometimes to wait for the copy. Disraeli took his revenge for Thackeray's clever parodies by satirizing the satirist in *Endymion* as the most childishly envious of mortals. Mr. Vizetelly says that the only man of whom he was really jealous was Douglas Jerrold, and, strange as it appears now, at one time the creator of the Caudles seemed to be running away from the author of "The Snob Papers." Mr. Vizetelly bestows the highest praise on Jerrold's nimble wit and pungent readiness of repartee. To us, some of his best known traditional jokes seem to have little merit but that of callous rudeness. Indeed, Mr. Vizetelly, much as he admired him, admits that Jerrold spoke with the purpose of giving pain, and in the hope that the wounds of his wit might fester. It may not be generally known that he passed from the midshipman's berth through the humblest positions in a printing-office. Thackeray is one of the very few men of whom Mr. Vizetelly speaks with almost unvarying kindness. He praises his genuine benevolence, his placid temper, and his pleasant courtesy. Even his sarcasm, when pointed, was never personal. But Mr. Vizetelly differs from Dean Hole, who declared that the flow of Thackeray's good things was overpowering. Vizetelly says, on the contrary, that he never talked for effect, and was far from seeking to monopolize the admiration of the company. He would waken up the conversation when it was inclined to flag, and showed himself remarkably tolerant of bores. A good deal of space is desultorily devoted to Mr. Sala, who, with his amazing versatility and his other gifts, is glorified for his inimitable powers as a host. A particular entertainment is cited by way of illustration, when he had invited half a dozen languid West-End swells to meet as many thoroughbred and brilliant Bohemians. The uncongenial elements assimilated so well that the select party ultimately broke up in pairs, some finishing the night in the late clubs of St. James's, as others adjourned to coffee-stalls in Covent Garden. Charles Reade is charged with conceit and plagiarism, and Hepworth Dixon has still harder measure, especially *à propos* of the famous fiasco he made when putting himself forward to "boss" a Shakspearian tercentenary.

Great part of the volumes is devoted to an account of the writer's experiences on the Continent, and notably in Paris, and it is far from being the least entertaining. But that foreign field is so wide that we cannot enter upon it.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. CHÂTILLON-PLESSIS'S book (1) on one of the most important subjects that can occupy the mind of the philosopher, or the sensitive and imaginative faculties of man, appears with all those almost indescribable advantages which the house of Firmin-Didot is still supreme among French publishers in supplying. The peculiar squarish octavo *format*; the paper rather more hot-pressed than is our special weakness, but unimpeachable of its kind; the impeccable print, and the admirable execution and insertion in the text of the numerous vignette illustrations are worthy both of form and subject. Nor would we speak disrespectfully of M. Châtillon-Plessis, who is often interesting, frequently judicious in his remarks on disputed points, and sometimes possessed of curious information. His chief drawback is an amiable desire to rival Brillat-Savarin and other classics of the table in diluting and masking his culinary wisdom with a rather disproportionate amount of miscellaneous and divagative wit. Undoubtedly, if you can make sure that the wit shall always be of the first class, and can prevent it from getting above and drowning the wisdom, this method produces a pleasant result; but when the combination is less happily hit off the result is sometimes an appearance of triviality.

M. Châtillon-Plessis, however, has matter to give us which would be worth reading even with less seductive accompaniments than those which MM. Didot have provided. He has, for instance, a curious gastronomic history (with an exact list of the successive menus) of one of those Presidential tours which must make the office of Chief Magistrate of France such a fearful *corvée* nowadays. He has another quaint and ingenious idea—a menu of a very elaborate kind, with an equally elaborate wine menu appended and adjusted to the liquors used in the preparation of the dishes, the countries after which they are named, and so forth. The result is amusing, but decidedly barbaric from the point of view of the artist in wine. For instance, he who should drink Château Lafite (it is curious, and shows how little acquaintance with this prince of wines the French themselves have, that M. Châtillon-Plessis himself, as most of them do, spells it with two *f's*) with "Salade de légumes à la japonaise" and "Punch glacé," might just as well drink rather bad *ordinaire*, for any chance he would have of appreciating its flavour. And, from another point of view, the interpolation of Hermitage between Lafite and Léoville, which occurs here, would be equally fatal. The Hermitage, indeed, would come by no means badly after the less robust flavour of the Lafite; but it would utterly ruin the palate for the Léoville, the transition certainly not being assisted by coincident "Croûtes à l'ananas." But the fact is that, out of Gascony itself, the French do not really understand Bordeaux. It is probably our own long tenure of that happy land which has made the secret English rather than French; but the fact is the fact. They understand Burgundy far better than most of us do. They know, of course, and rejoice in, many wines that we foolishly slight, and indeed seldom get; and we are deliberately of opinion (as we know are some of the best of English wine-merchants) that the alterations in the style of champagne which have taken place of late years, to suit English demand, have seriously deteriorated the character of the wine. But, let it be repeated, the Frenchman, unless himself an Aquitanian, does not understand Bordeaux.

But we are impolite in planting M. Châtillon-Plessis there during this digression. At the end of his book not a few curious receipts, and a large amount of miscellaneous anecdote, will be found, with some culinary inspirations of the muse, much about cookery exhibitions, and, as elsewhere, an abundance of delightful illustrations, mostly reproductions of old engravings, sometimes modern, but always well selected and executed with the most irreproachable craftsmanship. Whether as an early *livre d'étrennes* or a contribution to permanent literature the book may be warmly welcomed.

If the number of the *Artistes célèbres* devoted to Troyon (2) is a very little less interesting than some others, it is only what was to be expected. Neither the artist's subjects nor his manner and style lend themselves very well to the kind of reproduction here adopted; while in many cases the cuts are taken from etchings or lithographs reduced—a proceeding which, unless very careful and expensive methods of reproduction are employed, is still less suited to the particular instance. At the same time this volume has what is rare in the series, a separate double-page plate—*Sur le chemin du marché*—which is a very excellent speci-

(1) *La vie à table à la fin du XIX^{ème} siècle.* Par Châtillon-Plessis. Paris: Firmin-Didot.

(2) *Les artistes célèbres—Constant Troyon.* Par A. Hustin. Paris: Pierson.

men of its kind. As for Troyon's own excellence, that needs no words. M. Hustin has not much to say about the master personally, but is copious on the catalogue of his works, their sale and history.

We must give a word of praise to an excellent little treatise, freely illustrated, on "Poultry" (3). The superiority of French peasants and small farmers over our own in the matter of fowl-keeping is well known, and wrinkles ought to be obtainable from this book.

Of books which in one way or another are not new, we have to notice the fifth volume of the collected edition of Feuille's *Théâtre* (4), a translation of Mr. Haggard's *Beatrice* (5), and (especially) the first volume of a new library edition of Michelet (6). On this latter we have for the first time in our remembrance hardly anything to add to and nothing to alter in a phrase of the *réclame* which accompanies the book—"L'œuvre de Michelet n'est plus à discuter." That is so. Hitherto there has been a rather annoying discrepancy of *format* in the editions. The present (produced with the collaboration of Mme. Michelet) is to be completed in forty volumes of a handsome library octavo, very well printed, at six francs each. We should suggest to the publishers to imitate some others, and issue it bound at a slight increase. It would pay them—especially in their foreign sales, which should be large. For, though Michelet was a narrow French Chauvinist in intention, he was in reality a "world-writer."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AMONG the books comprised in "Constable's Oriental Miscellany," few are more interesting, none is more valuable, than General Sir W. H. Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official* (Constable & Co.), of which we have a new edition, in two volumes, edited by Mr. Vincent Arthur Smith. This remarkable work originally appeared in 1844. It is now reprinted with the omission of twelve chapters, which contain what the author calls "an historical piece," or a narrative of the strife of the sons of Shah Jehan for the supreme rule of the Mogul Empire. These chapters are rejected by the editor, since they are practically but a paraphrase of Bernier, and deal with matters accessible in the writings of other historians. The author appears to have been sensible that this portion of his work, now omitted, "occupies too large a space in what might otherwise be termed a personal narrative." There has been but one opinion as to the merits of Sir William Sleeman's personal narrative. It abounds in acute observations on Indian policy and administration, and in admirable reflections on the customs, religion, superstitions, and social life of all classes and castes. Nothing seems to have escaped the traveller's notice during his prolonged progress through Central India from Jubbulpore to Meerut in 1836. Whether he is discoursing of political economy and matters of policy—in which he was far ahead of the views current in his day—or is telling stories of Indian witchcraft or of Thuggee, Sir William Sleeman is always instructive or entertaining. Mr. Vincent Smith speaks of his "charming, though inartificial, description of scenery and native customs." Such passages in the journal of Sir William Sleeman charm us by their absolute freedom from the detestable affectations and trickery of those who delight in word-painting and "prose poems." It was the humour of this able and enlightened servant of "John Company" to converse with all sorts and conditions of men, from the rulers of the soil to the tillers. He reveals the true interest of each of the numerous topics he deals with, so assured is his grasp of facts and their significance, so penetrative is his insight. Time may have upset some of his conclusions. His trust in the Sepoy was a little excessive, and in this matter Lord William Bentinck was the better prophet. His speculations in geology, again, are corrected by the notes of Mr. Vincent Smith. But he was one of the most sagacious observers of men and manners that have written of India and Indian affairs, and, under the deceptive title *Rambles and Recollections*, he produced a work that is something monumental, and a kind of Indian *Kosmos*.

Moltke: a Biographical and Critical Study, by William O'Connor Morris (Ward & Downey), is very much less a biography than a history. In the main, indeed, it is a history of the Franco-German War of 1870-71, and one that is distinguished in some well-marked features from other histories of the war. So far as may be—perhaps to a greater extent than is

absolutely justifiable—Mr. O'Connor Morris discusses the actual working-out of the scheme of the great strategist in the course of this volume. But he frankly owns that it is impossible to determine with exactitude Moltke's part in the organization of the Prussian army, or to trace with confidence his hand in all the movements of the German forces in the field. The complete biography of Moltke, as he rightly observes, has yet to appear. For the present, therefore, Mr. O'Connor Morris deals with ascertained or ascertainable fact, and attempts a kind of "pronotion," in Baconian phrase, of the more perfect work that will be. Among the large number of authorities cited by the author, two are notably prominent in his pages. They are Captain Clarke's translation of the German official records, "The Prussian Staff History," and *La guerre moderne*, by General Derrécagaix, which the author finds useful in checking the untrustworthy statements of the former work with regard to the numbers engaged in the chief battlefields. Apparently Mr. O'Connor Morris thinks that General Derrécagaix and other French writers were incapable of underestimating the number of their countrymen in the field, and of overestimating that of the enemy as the German official accounts do. He condemns Moltke's estimate of the numbers engaged at Gravelotte as "grotesquely erroneous" with respect to both sides. No doubt the odds were against the French numerically on this occasion as on others; but it is hard to determine what the odds were. With regard to Moltke's strategy, we may note some few points of the author's criticism. After Wörth and Spicheren he thinks the Army of the Rhine might have been crushed had the forces of Macmahon been pursued promptly. He observes, "Moltke was not, perhaps, responsible for all this" (the unharassed retreat of Macmahon), "for he was still many leagues in the rear." Yet he thinks he let slip a great opportunity, and that a very slight effort would have annihilated the French. But not only ought the French to have been crushed after Wörth and Spicheren (p. 168), but Bazaine was offered a chance, owing to the disposition of the German corps, "which he might well have seized, and Colombey-Nouilly might well have been a victory for France." In short, Moltke's operations were "marked by errors that might have been made disastrous," Mr. O'Connor Morris remarks; and, if Napoleon had been in his place, he thinks the French would never have reached Metz, and Mars la Tour and Gravelotte would never have been fought. Perhaps there is more of speculation than of criticism in all this "might have been," and speculation in such matters is not uninteresting. Another portion of the author's narrative that is notable is the admirable account of the operations of the Army of the Loire under Chanzy, whose skill and courage are justly lauded.

Winchester College, 1393-1893 (Arnold), by "Old Wykehamists," is an attractive volume, commemorative of the five hundredth anniversary of the opening of the College, not composed of recollections, like Mr. Mansfield's well-known volume or Mr. Tuckwell's, but treating of Winchester from various points of view. The book, in short, is a miscellany of prose and verse, illustrated by some charming drawings by Mr. Herbert Marshall. Among the articles devoted to the founder are Lord Selborne's "Wykeham's Place in History," and Dr. Fearon's "Wykeham's Conception of a Public School." The Rev. E. C. Wickham and Messrs. F. Haverfield and H. A. L. Fisher contribute capital papers on Winchester school-life in the past.

In the Footsteps of the Poets (Isbister & Co.), by Professor Masson and others, comprises nine essays on English poets—Milton, Herbert, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth, Scott, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, and Tennyson—of which the first is the most elaborate, and that on Mrs. Browning the slightest. The Bishop of Ripon finds little to say of Mrs. Browning. He quotes, only to disapprove of it, the absurd judgment of a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on "the lyrical capabilities" of the poetess. Mr. John Dennis discusses Scott's prose rather than his verse. Canon Benham's "Cowper," Dr. Brown's "Herbert," and Mr. Masson's "Milton" are well-considered essays. The book is prettily illustrated, especially in topographical ways.

A Book of Thoughts, by Mary B. Curry (Fisher Unwin), is a compilation of extracts from various writers, in prose and verse, in the form of a calendar. The "Thoughts" are selected, in many instances, in illustration of events such as the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Abolition of Slavery, and so forth, while all are "linked with memories of John Bright."

Both the volumes of the "Border" edition of Scott are illustrated by admirable etchings by Mr. R. W. Macbeth—*The Fortunes of Nigel* (Nimmo)—all the illustrations being after drawings by the etcher, excepting the frontispiece, which is by the late Mr.

(3) *Les oiseaux de basse cour*. Par Gaston Perecheron. Paris: Firmin-Didot.

(4) *Octave Feuillet—Théâtre complet*. Tome V. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Beatrice*. Traduit de l'Anglais de H. Rider Haggard, par Hephell. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *Michelet—Histoire de France*. Tome premier. Paris: Flammarion.

Pettie. Mr. Lang, in his introduction, deals in an interesting fashion with Scott's curious experiment in fiction—the "Private Letters," of which a set is preserved at Abbotsford.

The current number of the *Journal of the "Ex Libris" Society* (A. & C. Black) contains, in addition to a further instalment of Mr. Vincomb's technical description of processes for the production of "Ex Libris," some notes on the Book Plates of Samuel Pepys, by the editor, suggested by Mr. Wheatley's "new and unabridged edition"—though unabridged it is not—of the immortal Diary. Pepys is supposed to have used five plates, or, at least, the use of five is ascribed to him. There are the two engraved forms of the portrait by Kneller—which are not "Ex Libris" at all—both of which illustrate the article. There is the official "S. P." plate, with the initials, crossed anchors and cables, also given here. Lastly, there are the two armorial plates, neither of which has been noticed in any book of the Pepysian library at Cambridge by Mr. Peskett. Mr. Rylands is the authority for the statement that there are two armorial plates. One of these is reproduced in Mr. Griggs's well-known work, and also illustrates the editor's article; but no one seems to know anything of the other—not even Mr. Rylands, which is strange.

Various recent volumes of Messrs. Bell's "English Classics" series are before us. Mr. Deighton's selection from "Elia"—*Lamb's Essays*—is a good selection, with introduction, notes, and index. Perhaps the notes are somewhat "effuse"—they certainly are profuse—and the editor shows a tendency to play the commentator where the annotator is the better part. Something of the kind must be said of Mr. H. G. Keane's treatment of Byron's *Child Harold*. If English classics are to be shaped to school-books, it would be well that something should be left to stimulate youthful intelligence. Surely it is not necessary to explain what a master of English like Byron means by "whining crew." So does Mr. T. Duff Barnett instruct the young as to the meaning of Shakespeare's "mechanical," in his notes to *Julius Caesar*, notwithstanding the obvious explanation the context affords. This is not educational.

Among the "Elementary Texts" of Messrs. Rivington, Percival, & Co.'s "Modern French" and "Modern German" series, we have Alfred de Vigny's *Laurette* and Hans Arnold's *Fritz auf dem Lande*, edited by R. J. Morich. Of the "Advanced Texts" in modern German, Mr. W. S. Lyon edits H. von Treitschke's *Das Deutsche Ordensland Preussen*, and Mr. R. H. Allpress the *Kolberg* of Paul Heyse, the notes to both books being clear and efficient.

Other school-books to hand are Book VII. of *Macmillan's History Readers*; *The Siege of Plataea* from Thucydides, Books II. and III., edited by John M. Sing, M.A. (Rivington, Percival, & Co.); Messrs. Greenough and Peck's *Livy*, Books XXI. and XXII. (Boston: Ginn & Co.); *A History of Rome*, by A. H. Allcroft, M.A., from 78 B.C. to 31 B.C., with test questions (University Correspondence College Press); *A Third French Reader and Writer*, by Louis Barbé, in French and English, with vocabulary (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Ulrich's German Prose*, revised by John Gibson, M.A. (Williams & Norgate), a selection from English writers for translation, with examination papers and vocabulary; Dr. Charles Morrison's *Shilling Geography* (Arnold), new edition, revised by W. L. Carrie, M.A.; *Elementary Geography of India*, by Lionel W. Lyde, M.A. (Rivington, Percival, & Co.); *Geography of Victoria*, by Alexander Sutherland (Macmillan & Co.); and *A Key to Carroll's Geometry* (Burns & Oates).

We have also received *The Vicar's Daughter*, by George MacDonald (Sampson Low & Co.), new and cheaper edition; *The British Seas*, by W. Clark Russell and others (Seeley & Co.), new edition; *Drawing under the New Code*, by Alfred de Fresnoy (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), a practical guide for teaching in elementary schools; *A Course of Qualitative Chemical Analysis*, by Edgar E. Horwill, F.C.S. (Blackie & Son); *A Manual of Electrical Science*, by George J. Burch (Methuen & Co.); *The Amphioxus and its Development*, from the German of Professor Hatachek, by James Tuckey, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *The Tutor's Secret*, translated from the French of Victor Cherbuliez, by Paul Derechiff (Arnold); *Utility of Quaternions in Physics*, by A. McAuley, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); an elementary Treatise on *Theoretical Mechanics*, by Alexander Ziwet, Part I., "Kinematics" (Macmillan & Co.), a Text-book for American Students; *The Registration of Transfers of Stocks, Shares, and Securities*, by George Ennis and G. F. Macdaniel Ennis (Effingham Wilson), with a chapter on the Forged Transfers Acts; *A Short Account of England's Foreign Trade in the Nineteenth Century*, by Arthur L. Bowley, M.A. (Sonnenschein & Co.); *The True Grandeur of Nations*, an oration by Charles Sumner (Boston: Lee & Shepard); *Philip Jacob Spener*, by F. F. Walrond, M.A. (Society for

Promoting Christian Knowledge); *The Geometrical Properties of the Sphere*, by William Briggs, LL.B. and T. W. Edmondson (University Correspondence College); *Short Stories*, a Magazine of Fact and Fiction (New York: Current Literature Co.); *London University Guide and Calendar for 1893-94* (Univ. Cor. College Press); *Journal of the Royal United Service Institute*, No. 188, edited by Colonel C. W. Bowdler (Harrison & Sons); *Roll of the Union of Graduates in Music* ("Musical News" Office); *Report on Liquor Legislation in the United States and Canada*, by W. Rathbone, M.P. and E. L. Fanshawe (Cassell & Co.); *Lord Farrer on Free-Trade and Labour Questions*, issued by the Cobden Club; and the *Annual Report of the Administrative Council of the Ottoman Public Debt*, with a Special Report by the President, Mr. Vincent Caillard.

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